Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 77.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 24, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Rapid Photo Co.*

Miss Gaynor Rowlands

Miss Rowlands, who, as our readers are aware, is playing in *The Orchid*, at the Gaiety Theatre, challenges comparison, when her beauty is set off with a mantilla, with the fairest daughters of Spain

No. 77.- Vol V.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, May 24, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	357
The World's Pageant	359
People of the Hour	362
Random Jottings	368
The Bystander in Paris	370
At His Majesty's Theatre: "Business is Business"	372
Birmingham's New Court for Child Offenders	374
At the Academy (Third Series) ...	375
Concerning Mr. Plowden (No. 77 of the Series)	378
Our Short Story— "A Letter to the Duchess." By Leonard Merrick	380
Great Historic Bazaar in Aid of Westminster Hospital	382
Mr. Biff's Travels with a Guide-Book...	387
The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson	389
The Library	390
A Bookman's Gossip	391
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	394
Automobile Topics	396
The Opening of the Clady Salmon Fishing Season	399
Lawn Tennis	400
Notes from the Polo Ground... ...	402
The Connoisseur	404
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows ...	405

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE.
Matinée, Every Wednesday, at 2.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
"THE DANCING DOLL,"
NEW FAIRY DIVERTISSEMENT, AND SPECIAL VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors 7.45.

SAVOY THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. J. H. LEIGH.
Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT'S SEASON.
Every Evening at 8.30.
HER OWN WAY. By Clyde Fitch.
MATINÉE TO-DAY (Wednesday), at 2.30.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'c., 6 o'c., and 9 o'c. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
Season Tickets, 10s. 6d.
Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries.
NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS, and of All Naval Events from the 15th to 20th Century.
FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."
GRAND NAVAL AND MILITARY CONCERTS.
Go on board the full-size Cruiser.
Real Batteries of 4·7 Guns, Hotchkiss and Maxims.
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.
Go on board and visit the Mediterranean ports.
Trafalgar, 1805—Professor Fleischer's Great Work, Death of Nelson. West's "Our Navy." Maxim's Captive Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Great Canadian Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine. Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe. Auto-Photographic Portraiture. Switchback. Chutes.
FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
Patron—His Majesty the KING.
May 25 to June 8.
TWICE DAILY, at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.
Tickets—Morning, 10s. 6d. to 5s.; Evening, 10s. 6d. to 4s.
Box Offices: 2, Great Scotland Yard,
The AGRICULTURAL HALL (Burford Street entrance),
And all Libraries.
Now open. Hours, 10 to 5.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"More Cricket Songs." By Norman Gale. (Alston Rivers.)

"A Bibliography of Playing Cards and Gaming." By Frederic Jessel. (Longmans: 12s. 6d. net.)

"A Maid at Large." A Novel. By A. Leaf. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)

"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." A Novel. By William J. Locke. (John Lane: 6s.)

"L'Antechrist." By Dmitry de Merejkowsky. A French translation of a powerful Russian novel. (London: Hachette: 2s. 8d.)

"The First Romanovs." By R. Nisbet Bain. A History of Moscovite Civilisation and the Rise of Modern Russia under Peter the Great and his forerunners. (Constable: 12s. 6d. net.)

Reprints: Scott's "Waverley"; Dicken's "Pickwick Papers"; and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." (Macmillan: 2s. each.) These volumes are respectively the first of Messrs. Macmillan's new illustrated editions of the works of our three greatest novelists.

"Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall." By J. E. Muddock. (John Long: 6d.)

"Guide to London." With Illustrations and Maps. (A. and C. Black: 1s.)

"Selections from the Songs of Madame Yvette Guilbert." English versions. By John N. Raphael. (David Allen: 1s.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 24, 1905

THE EMPIRE DAY "MOVEMENT"

To-morrow, Wednesday, being "Empire Day," we have received a circular on the "Movement," signed by the Earl of Meath. The ways in which the promoters of this engineered "movement" propose the day should be celebrated are many. Apparently, they would have liked to see it a bank-holiday, but this not being possible, it is "hoped" that children in schools will be granted a half-holiday. Being a Wednesday, most school children have a half-holiday; thus, though they will regret that "Empire Day" does not fall on another day, there will not be a loss to parents this year, at any rate, of half a day's teaching. The promoters also suggest that bells should be rung, though the wording suggests that, preferably, a Union Jack, if the parishes can afford one, might be flown. Again, for one penny, a copy of the "Flag of Britain" song, set to music, can be obtained. The village which cannot find some one to disclaim on the subject of the duties and responsibilities attaching to British citizenship, or to give a recitation of some poem illustrative of heroic duty, must indeed (says Lord Meath's letter) be intellectually poor. If an intellectually poor parish should be gravelled for a poem, the promoters are good enough to remind it that there is a Mr. Rudyard Kipling within the bounds of the Empire, who has written a "noble and heart-stirring" recessional hymn, which, as our readers may remember, has for its last lines, "Lest We Forget."

* * *

Considering the taxes most responsible individuals in this happy Empire are called upon to pay, there seems little fear of their "forgetting" what this class of Imperialism has brought us of late years. It is all very well to talk grandiloquently about the Empire, to encourage the love of Motherland among school children and villagers, but, after all, it should be remembered that the power and strength of a nation depends, nowadays, not on how many million unremunerative acres it may own in different parts of the earth, but on its possession of national wealth. Imperialism, *à la* Meath, to be of any value, wants to devise means to reduce our taxation instead of increasing the national expenditure by many millions, as it has done within the last ten years.

P. F. Warner J. A. Dixon Lord Hawke

PITY THE POOR SELECTION COMMITTEE

With the choosing of the *right* eleven players to be done, a selector's lot is not a happy one

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Two New Suffragan Bishops

Dr. Talbot, the Bishop of Southwark, has chosen to help him look after his newly created diocese, the Rev. J. C. Leeke, who will take the title of Bishop of Woolwich, and Canon Cecil Hook, who will be Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames. Bishop Hook comes from a particularly famous stock, his grandfather being a brother of the famous Theodore Hook, who, as editor, author, playwright, and punster, was one of the most famous men of his time. The new Bishop's father also was distinguished as an author, but his fame rests more lastingly, perhaps, on his record as an earnest, enthusiastic Churchman. Becoming Vicar of Leeds in 1837, it was mainly owing to his devoted efforts that twenty-one new churches were built in Leeds, as well as twenty-three parsonages and twenty-seven schools. It was fitting that his son should have done fifteen years' good work in the sphere of his father's successful efforts. Leaving Leeds in 1891, the new Bishop of Kingston afterwards went to Oswestry and Leamington Priors, being appointed honorary canon of Worcester in 1903. The Rev. J. C. Leeke, the new Bishop of Woolwich, also had a famous father, who, adopting the profession of arms, and distinguishing himself as an ensign by carrying the colours of the 52nd Regiment at Waterloo, afterwards entered the Church, and became rector of Holbrooke, Derbyshire. His son, who became Rural Dean of Woolwich in 1892, and honorary Canon of Rochester in 1900, has had some experience of work among the class of people he will meet in his new district, as since 1901 he has taken care of a poor mission district, at Plumstead, which in 1903 was erected into a vicarage, without stipend.

Princess Arisugawa

Wife of Admiral Prince Arisugawa, who will represent the Emperor of Japan at the wedding of the German Crown Prince and Duchess Cecilie

An East Anglian Wedding

Suffolk county society is much interested in the marriage of Miss Adelaide Blois and Mr. C. Lumley Cator. The bride-elect, one of six pretty sisters, is descended from a famous warrior, who was the favourite friend and henchman of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the Blois family have been noted Suffolk worthies from ancient times. Miss Blois' brother, Sir Ralph, is owner of Cockfield Hall; he was once an officer in the Scots Guards, and is now a captain in the Royal Reserve of Guards. Mr. Cator is a grandson of Lady Louisa Cator, and the only son of Mrs. Charles Cator, whose house, in Green Street, has been the scene of much agreeable entertaining.

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid

The American Ambassador to London, in addition to the many duties which devolve upon him, has to act the rôle of a Prince among entertainers. Mr. Reid has made very complete preparations for his campaign of entertainment by taking Dorchester House, Park Lane, the finest private mansion in

Photo by Russell

The Rev. John Cox Leeke

Who has just been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Woolwich

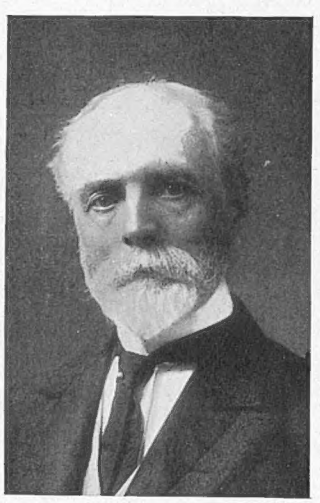


Photo by Gribazadoff

The Hon. Whitelaw Feid

The new American Ambassador, now on his way to England

Photo by Russell

Canon Cecil Hook

Who has just been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Kingston-on-Thames

A Woman with Nerves of Steel

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mme. du Gast, the courageous owner of the motor-boat "Camille," which came to grief in the Algiers-Toulon races

Mme. du Gast is the Admirable Crichton of her sex. Besides being the only woman equal to the strain of motor racing, she is a famous balloonist, has worked in a coal mine in Belgium, is an expert horsewoman, and an accomplished pianist

London, at a rental of 4,500 guineas a year. The house has been elaborately fitted up, and everything is in readiness for the arrival of the new tenant on June 4. The star attractions of Dorchester House, which belongs to Captain Holford, the King's Equerry, are the broad staircase, one of the finest in England, and the long galleries filled with old masters.

Madame du Gast

Mme. du Gast, whose great courage and nerve was evidenced the other day when her motor-boat, the *Camille*, was sinking, is famous in Paris for her indomitable pluck and aplomb. She has taken part in motor races which have been a terrific strain on strong men, and been as calm and unexcited as the best of them. She is the widow of M. Crespin du Gast, of the big Paris furnishing firm—the "Shoolbred" of Paris—who left her a large fortune. Mme. du Gast also inherited considerable sums from her father. It was because she complained that he had not paid over the full amount of the legacy to which she was entitled that she brought a famous action against her brother. In the course of it, Maître Barboux (who will be remembered as the counsel who defended M. de Lesseps) caused a sensation by alleging that Mme. du Gast had posed for

Photos by

Miss Adelaide Blois, sister of Sir Ralph Blois

H. W. Barnett

Mr. Lumley Cator, only son of the late Mr. Charles O. F. Cator, of Beckenham

Whose marriage takes place on June 1, at All Saint's Church, Ennismore Gardens

Louis de Rougemont's Rural Retreat

Photos by

Mr. Louis de Rougemont

The famous inventor of a series of fictitious adventures, which appeared in the *Wide World Magazine* some years ago

Gervais's celebrated picture "La Femme au Masque." The picture represents a young woman perfectly nude, but with a black mask on her face. Mme. du Gast denied the allegation, and great excitement supervened, which the Prince de Sagan did not allay when he assaulted Maître Barboux outside the courts with his walking-stick. The Prince was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, and declared he was going to marry Mme. du Gast. She has since conquered in other spheres; besides being a famous motor-driver, launch-navigator, and balloonist, she has worked in a coal mine in Belgium, and rides a horse as well as she drives a motor, and yet plays the piano most divinely.

A Brave Steward

One of the latest heroes to be rewarded with the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal is Daniel Pearce, a steward on the R.M.S. *Rimutaka*, for rescuing a lady passenger. It needs a good deal of pluck to save life from drowning in the most auspicious circumstances, for nowhere is strength so ineffective as in water. When, as in the present instance, the rescue is made in a shark-infested sea, one is glad that there exists an institution like the Royal Humane Society, which, by its presentations, brings such cases into public recognition. Besides keeping about three hundred depôts supplied with apparatus, the Society makes some eight hundred awards every year.

Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Daniel Pearce

Steward on R.M.S. *Rimutaka*, who rescued a lady passenger from a shark-infested sea. Mr. Pearce has just been awarded the silver medal by the Royal Humane Society

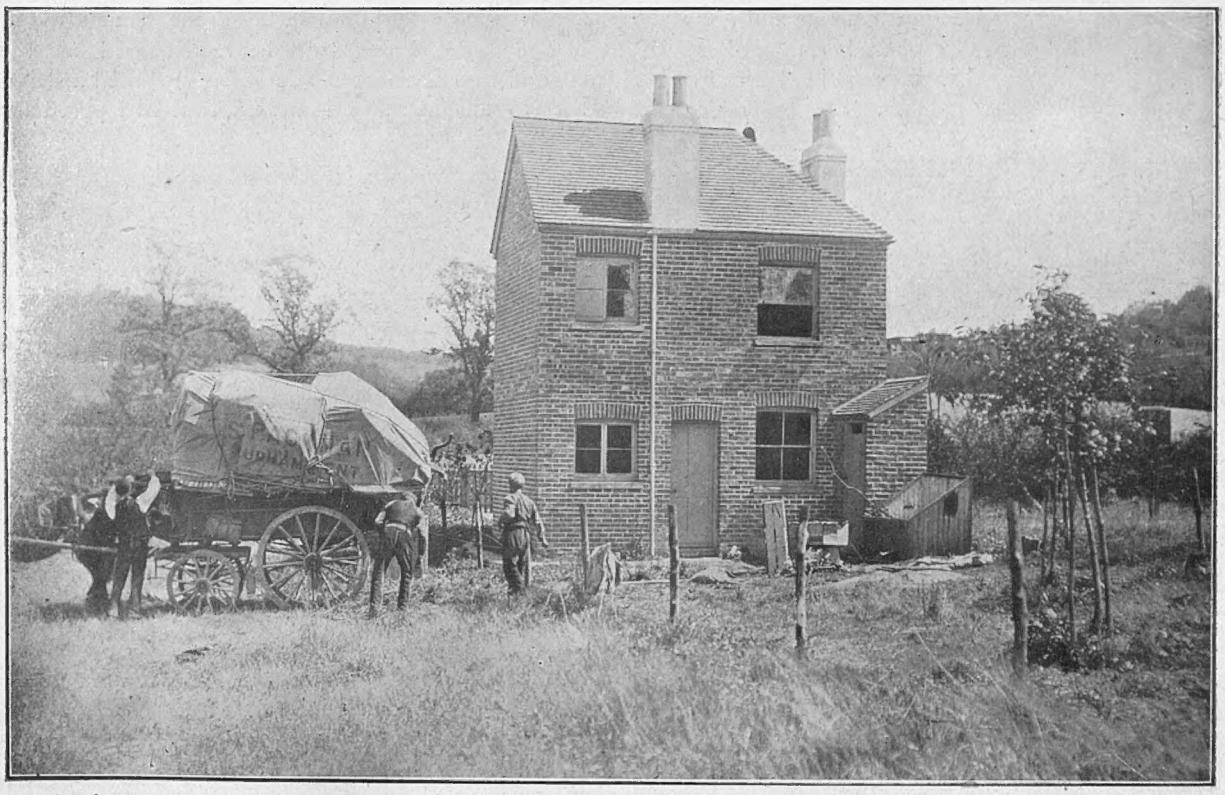


Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The House at Tatsfield in which Mr. de Rougemont has been acting as attendant to a demented lady

Mr. de Rougemont, recently tracked to this rural retreat on the borders of Kent and Surrey, says that nothing will draw him into the vortex of publicity again, except, perhaps, the advent of a 3-cwt. turtle, in which case he will repeat a promise already given—to ride it

A Union of East and West

Mr. Louis de Rougemont

Louis de Rougemont has been tracked by an enterprising interviewer to his retreat at Tatsfield, a little village on the borders of Kent and Surrey, four miles from a railway station, and hundreds of miles from the world of men and women who once hung upon the narratives of the greatest story-teller of his time. Mr. de Rougemont was always worth listening to, even in his unimaginative moments, and when he tells the jaded city worker that true happiness is to be found in the simplicity and naturalness of country life, who shall say him nay? With simple dignity he refers once more to the turtle as the rival of the horse. He will keep his promise to the public, to show them how turtles are ridden, the moment a turtle sufficiently large for his purpose can be procured. Three hundredweight is his figure, and like the great man that he is, de Rougemont succeeds in making the scoffers look ridiculous. He has a way of issuing this challenge which reflects upon the dilatory methods of the public. They are made to feel that they are not carrying out their part of the contract. Let them produce their turtle and he will ride it. Nothing could be more dignified than this attitude. At Tatsfield, Mr. de Rougemont has been looking after a lady who is not quite right in her head.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackirdy

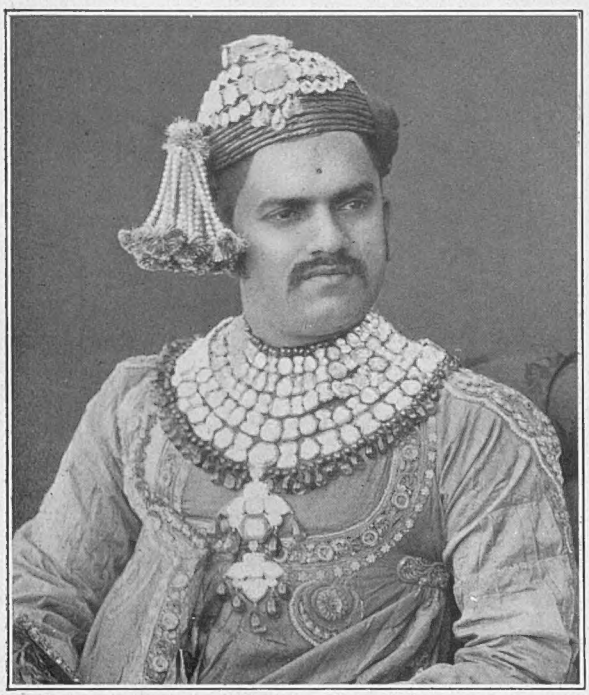
Whose wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, attracted hundreds of flower-sellers and factory hands, among whom the bride had lived and worked

Mr. and Mrs. Mackirdy

A remarkable wedding was that of Mr. Archibald Mackirdy, United States Consul at Muscat (Persia), and Miss Olive Christian Malvery, solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Bishop of London officiating, assisted by Canon Hensley-Henson. The bride, who is a native of India, has long worked among the "submerged tenth," studying their habits, and what is more important, winning their love and respect. To mark their appreciation of the many kindnesses received at the hands of the bride, her former associates, in the days when she worked as a flower-seller at Covent Garden, and as a factory hand in Hoxton, turned up in their hundreds at the wedding.

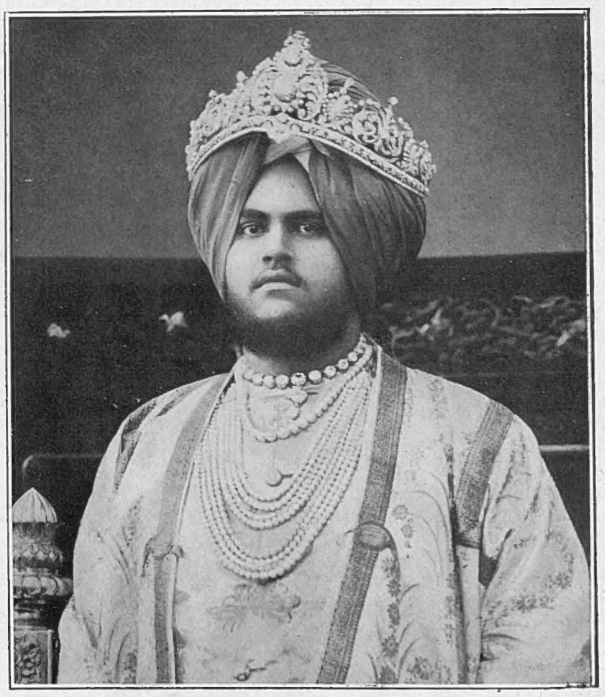
The Gaekwar of Baroda

In the person of that enlightened Prince, His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar Sir Sayaji Rao III.



Photos by

H.H. The Gaekwar of Baroda



Johnston and Hoffmann

H.H The Maharajah of Kapurthala

TWO DISTINGUISHED INDIAN POTENTATES AND SPORTSMEN, NOW IN ENGLAND

Carnegie's Maxim—"No Rate, No Library"

of Baroda, G.C.S.I., England is honoured by the presence of one of the most important of the Indian native rulers. As a hard-working governor and an enthusiast for reform in his State, the Gaekwar is entitled to all credit. As the successor of the late Mulhar Rao, he is a decided contrast: that potentate having ended a record of sustained tyranny and profligacy by trying to poison the British Resident at his Court, and getting himself deposed and exiled in consequence. It is just thirty years ago since the young prince was raised to the Throne in his stead, with the consent of the Viceroy, and fourteen years since he was entrusted with full and sovereign powers. He is forty-two years old, and speaks English almost better than his own tongue. He is a pillar of our power in India. Another distinguished visitor is the Maharajah of Kapurthala, K.C.S.I., who presides over the happy hunting grounds of sport in the Punjab. Distinguished sportsmen who visit India are always delighted to avail themselves of the invitations of the Maharajah to tiger-shoots.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

Who, try as hard as he may, finds it impossible to live beyond his income

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

All of us by this time know something about Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to whom Eastbourne owes its fine new Institute. The man who began as a penniless Scottish boy emigrant in Pittsburg, Pa., and is now giving away libraries, swimming baths, and Diplodoci, with the object of living up to his income, has been as much paragraphed as any person living. Among the things that are not so often repeated about him here are his very poor opinions (with which we heartily disagree) of the part reserved for our country in the history-making of the future. Washington, D.C., he holds, is the coming capital of the English-speaking peoples. He doesn't believe in our Colonies, and as for Great Britain, she will very soon be left behind in the race of peoples. He thinks we are too much governed by "caste," and regards the world as the just and proper possession of his adopted country. He has stated that he gets two hundred letters a day about libraries alone, and answers every one of them. He is very angry if you call him a philanthropist. He explains himself as being the administrator of an estate; and the rule is, "No rate, no library." All his success he attributes to care in the choice of his men, some of whom he used to pay as much for managing a department of his business as Mr. Roosevelt gets for governing the Republic. He is said to have at least £50,000 a week. But he has been found travelling first-class with a third-class ticket—not because he is Scotch, but because the booking clerk made a mistake.

Photo by] **Mr. Carnegie at Eastbourne, inspecting the new Institute erected with his assistance** [*Lavis*

Savoyards on the Variety Stage

The Modern Variety Stage

One of the most striking features in the world of entertainment, in these days, is the frequency with which players of note cross the bridge between the regular and the variety stage. This custom, now so established as to excite but little comment, came to us, like many other pleasant features, from America. Long before the Coliseum and the new Lyceum were built, leading American players in New York made it part of their annual routine to fulfil a summer engagement at Proctor's or Keith's. The prophets of evil, always ready to croak at a reform, declared that this custom would result in a general depreciation of the value of the actors' services, on the presumption that the public would no longer rush to pay high prices to see their favourites after they had become accustomed to the lower tariff of the variety stage. Result

Mr. Rutland Barrington, as he appeared in a song scena at the Coliseum

—a general lowering of salaries by theatrical managers. Of course, no such evil attended the institution of the reform, which has now spread to London. The false prophets, of course, did not see that it is better to see a celebrated player on the variety stage than not to see him during the times when, otherwise, he would be "resting." Among the performers now appearing on the variety stage there is at present a strong mustering of Savoyards. The enterprising management of the Coliseum have lately engaged the services of Mr Rutland Barrington, who has been appearing in the now popular form of entertainment, the song scena, and of Mr. Walter Passmore, now giving a burlesque of Hamlet. Yet another Savoyard, Mr. Henry Lytton, is repeating at the Palace Theatre the success he created with his songs, "Four Jolly Sailormen" and "My Cosy Corner Girl."

Photos by] Three Poses of Mr. Walter Passmore, in his burlesque of "Hamlet," at the Coliseum [*Campbell Gray*

Mr. Passmore's version of the play is announced as originated by William Shakespeare, and "improved" (possibly beyond recognition) by Herbert Shelley

Random Jottings

"Worrying"

Naval experts have decided that in the sea struggle between Admiral Togo and Admiral Rohjdestvensky "worrying tactics are those most likely to be pursued." We sympathise with the naval experts, to whom the entire absence of news for so many days must have been a considerable blow. But they should try not to be worried. Something is sure to happen soon, and then they can explain why it was bound to happen that way and no other.

Tips for the Atlantic Race

Meanwhile, the Atlantic race has come as a boon and a blessing to them. Here they are faced by no such doubts as confront them in the Far East. The issues are absurdly simple. "If *Valhalla* has anything of the luck which befell *Henrietta* in the first Atlantic race, then her chances of success might be reckoned bright enough to claim a place among the certainties." If not, one of the other yachts may win. Unless, of course, they all go down at the last moment, which is unlikely.

The Royal Box at the Scala Theatre

Note on the left the outside staircase which connects the tiers in the auditorium. The first performance at the Scala was a concert recently given by the Playgoers' Club. This beautiful theatre, built on the site of the old Prince of Wales', off Tottenham Court Road, will shortly be tenanted by Mr. Forbes Robertson

Tired Them Out

Speaking to his paraded officers at some length in Strasburg the other day, the German Emperor remarked that young people should be harder worked than they are, so that they might be healthily tired and go to bed early. It is understood that on the evening of the day in question, the Emperor's advice was readily followed by many even of the older members of his audience.

Unofficial

Other observations let fall by the Kaiser on the same occasion —anent the use of champagne on the field of battle, the behaviour of German officers, and the duties of a commander-in-chief—were, unfortunately, reported verbatim. No importance can consequently be attached to them.

Prison Literature

Sir Henry Fowler's question as to why the Rev. Charles Jennings was allowed to take Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and "Cæsar's Commentaries" to gaol with him, but not Lamb's Essays of 'Elia," seems to us to raise an important point. We do not, indeed, particularly sympathise with Mr. Jennings, who, having only seven days to do, had, in the two first-mentioned books, sufficient lore to satisfy the mind even of a Passive Resister. Out of justice to Thomas à Kempis and Julius Cæsar, the Governor of Worcester Gaol could hardly do less than refuse admission to "Elia."

A Painful Thought

But, it seems, even in the case of the Imitatio and the Commentaries, an exception was made in Mr. Jennings' favour. Most prisoners—said the Home Secretary — are only allowed books from the prison library. The important point then is —of what does the prison library consist? Humanitarians should try to find out. So should other people. We are all liable to be sent to gaol. It may be that, like Mr. Jennings, we have an objection to the education rate; it may be that an untrained horse, drawing some vehicle containing fragile fellow citizens, dashes into our motor-car. Whatever the chances, we ought to consider what we may be condemned to read.

Worse than the Treadmill

Fancy having to do ten days on Martin Tupper, or a month on back numbers of Somebody's Weekly. The hardiest intellect might come out

broken from such a test. When it comes to years, the possibilities are even more painful. We can conceive a library—even of modern fiction—which would reduce the brightest-brained of forgers to a gibbering imbecile. Indeed, we have seen such libraries—outside prisons. But prisoners ought not to have this hardship inflicted on them. Mr. Carnegie might be persuaded to establish prison libraries on a benevolent basis, if only the present hardship were realised.

The Aero-Brougham Race

(The unlucky French Motor-boat Race has suggested to a correspondent a forecast of an Aero-Brougham Race, which he considers might take place about 1950.)

(From Our Correspondent.)

Paris, *Monday Morning.*

Nineteen aero-broughams started from Algiers at ten o'clock this morning. The "Gyp," owned and steered by the dauntless Madame du Clay, is much fancied; as is the "à Berlin," which the Duc d'Orleans will guide. The "Gyp" will easily be recognised by its pink facings. The Minister of the Interior awaits the victor on the Eiffel Tower.

Later.—Unfortunately, a tempest has arisen. The patrol of gendarmes near Toulouse have found pieces of netting supposed to have enclosed the body of the "à Berlin." Monarchists have already gone into mourning for the Duke. The hat of the intrepid Lieutenant Villeneuve, who captained the "Toujours le Même," has alighted on a chimney-pot near Marseilles. It is feared that the "Toujours le Même" is no longer *le même.* The Government will be impeached.

Monday Afternoon.—All the competitors in the aero-brougham race from Algiers to Paris have perished. The Minister of the Interior has descended from the Eiffel Tower, fearing the vengeance of the mob. The Nationalists have vowed to overthrow the Republic.

Monday Evening.—The President has resigned; but the wreath despatched by the German Emperor to adorn the coffin of the gallant commander of the "à Berlin" will be returned to its Imperial donor, on the ground that it is an insult to the honour of France. The irresistible Madame du Clay has been pronounced victor of the contest, as she fell only two miles from Paris. The laurel-wreath which should have adorned her brow has been presented to her nephew and sole representative, who will have it enlarged. Numerous entries have been received for next year's race, which will be over the same course. Precautions, however, will be taken to warn people standing below to keep a look out, as numerous complaints are coming in of accidents received by falling bodies.

The Fault of the Mediterranean

Our correspondent jests. For our part—though the French Government has been blamed for encouraging last week's motor-boat race—we cannot help admiring the spirit with which it was undertaken. The French do not always follow our sports, but they are generally to the fore in any new adventure. An adventure that becomes almost a catastrophe is not necessarily absurd, or even blameworthy. The Mediterranean was really at fault.

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

London in Summer Dress Window boxes in Park Lane

London is not the most beautiful city in the world, as our visitors are ever ready to remind us, but even the most scornful foreigner admits the pretty effects of the floral displays in the window boxes, which relieve the gloomy exterior of the great West End mansions

The Bystander in Paris

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Illustrated by S. J. VENNING

"*Lookers on see most of the game.*"—OLD SAW

The concierge of the present?

The modern concierge, accord-to the *revuists*, is in danger of becoming a Don Juan

The concierge of the past

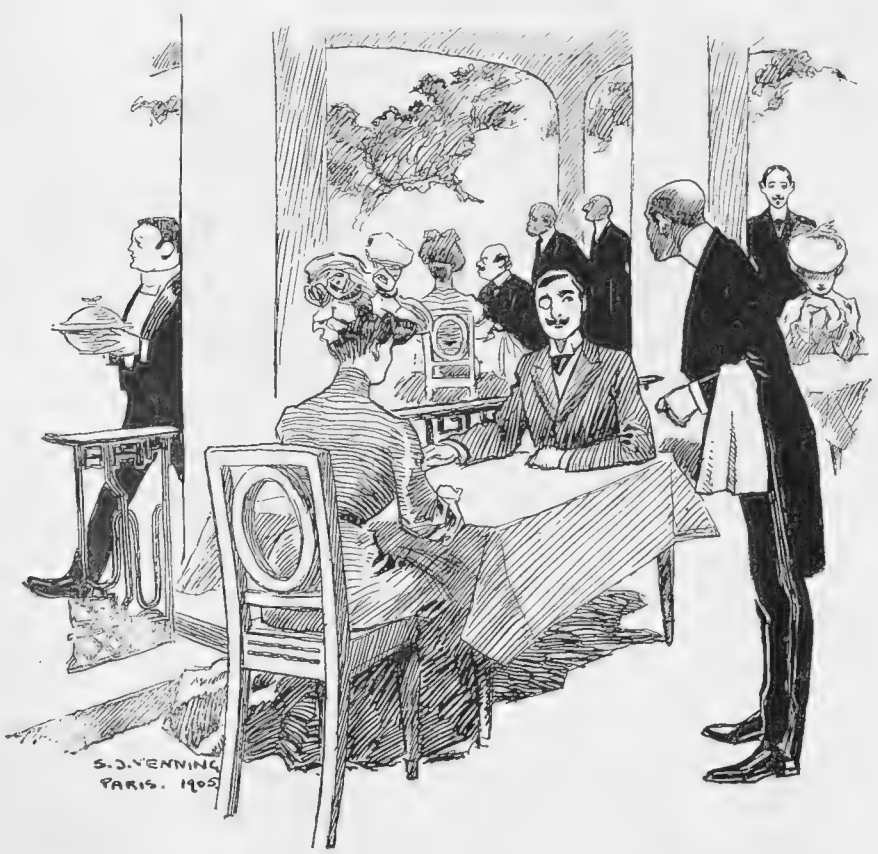
The concierge, as he used to be, was a grimy individual in the decline of life, who tyrannised over his tenants

Of course it could not be expected that M. Philippe Crozier should never get promotion, but his removal, some years since, to Copenhagen, where he is France's worthy representative, has been a sad blow to the dignity of the Third Republic. The present Chief of the Protocole, Monsieur Mollard, is an intelligent pupil of his former chief, but he has neither his physical advantages (though, as the shop girls put it, Monsieur Mollard, too, is a fine figure of a man), nor has he that intuition which used to get M. Crozier out of all difficulties so neatly and with such a semblance of ease.

As the young Duchesse d'Uzès, whose *mauvaise langue* is one of the most epigrammatic *mauvaises langues* in Paris, said recently, the difference is that "*notre* Mollard *national*" inevitably breaks into a perspiration, and splits his white kid gloves when Royalty arrives in Paris, and these things M. Crozier never did.

This week, the Protocole is somewhat put to it to know just how Prince and Princess Arisugawa ought to be received. Parisian diplomats, who spring into diplomacy from all estates, have not the training that the diplomats of other countries have, and in such instances as this, where there are no hard-and-fast rules to be observed, their difficulties puzzle them more than a little.

Parisians have a general notion that Prince Arisugawa is a not too highly polished savage, and, although he has had as complete an education as any European monarch, I hear that, for some time before his coming, discussion ran high at the Elysée as to whether he should be taken to a gala performance at the Opéra, or entertained at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. At present, however, H.R.H. seems more inclined to be left alone to see Paris in his own informal way.



Lunching at Armenonville, the most fashionable resort for Parisians in the Bois

At Armenonville, everybody who is anybody, in either the *monde* or *demi-monde*, is certain to be seen there at some time during the day

How the King of Spain will See Paris, and—

Preparations for the coming of Alphonso XIII. are being completed with feverish activity. He, poor little King, is to be spared none of the ceremonial ills which Royal flesh is heir to. He is to be dragged from ceremonial visits to Versailles, to ceremonial visits to the Military School, soldiers are to be reviewed for him upon the Plain of Châlons, the inevitable ballet of the Maladetta is to be performed for him at the Opéra, and he will see Paris through a tawdry

screen of Franco-Spanish flags, gingerbread lions, and paper flower decorations. Personally, I feel certain that the King of Spain would thoroughly enjoy the opportunity of seeing Paris unadorned by anything but the natural graces of the present season. Paris is never more beautiful than it is now, in May, and Parisians are undoubtedly at their best in these few weeks before the Grand Prix and the exodus which follows it.

"A l'Anglaise"

A Frenchman in would-be English fashionable costume

—How He Should See It

Why cannot the King of Spain, to cite but one instance, be taken out to luncheon, tea, or dinner, at Armenonville by some one of the status of the Marquis de Breteuil. This glasshouse in the Bois, just now, at luncheon, tea, or dinner-time, is *tout*—Paris in cinematographic incarnation. Everybody who is anybody is pretty certain to be seen there some time during the day, and the pretty women, both of the monde and of that lesser monde which, in spite of the axiom of Euclid, plays a greater part in Paris than the whole, the tables with their silver and their snow-white napery, the smart victorias and motor-cars, the men dressed as the fashionable Frenchmen dress, in Hyde Park fashion with a touch of phantasy, all these things tend to give a foreign visitor a clearer notion of what Paris really is than any flag-encumbered streets can do.

Effect of the Entente Cordiale in the Avenue du Bois

I would also, had I anything to say in the matter, take His Majesty for a morning stroll down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. He would there learn far more incisively than from State documents how great a hold the *entente cordiale* idea has taken on French ideas and hearts. The Avenue du Bois, in the morning, is a Parisian reproduction of fashionable London. The children, when beyond the cap and ribbons *nounou* stage, have, nearly all of them, an English nurse, dressed as our English nurses dress; the men on horseback dress *à l'Anglaise*, and if some of the men whom one meets on foot are so dressed that an Englishman might smile at them, this is the fault rather of would-be English tailors, than of their wish to imitate the London styles exactly.

The Parisian Concierge as a Don Juan

In all the *revues*, which at the theatres reflect the topics of the hour, Parisian Anglomania and H.M. the Concierge are the two chief features. Since the Syveton scandal brought the concierge into such prominence, that ruler of our destinies has, to Parisian minds, ceased to become a grimy individual in the decline of life, whose duties were to tyrannise over his tenants, and misdirect their visitors. The modern concierge is, the *revuists* think, in danger of becoming a Don Juan at our gates, and, in the Paris of the future, the prudent fathers of families will select such residences as have elderly janitors, from whose attentions wives and daughters may be safe.

Madame du Gast

The modern Parisienne has ceased to be the artificial being that she was in Molière's day, and the Baroness de Baye is, this week, dividing the honours of afternoon tea hero-worship with Madame du Gast, who so nearly met her death in her hazardous attempt to cross, in her little motor-boat, the *Camille*, from Algiers to Toulon. Sportswoman as she is, however, Madame du Gast does not devote all her time to sports. She receives charmingly, and interests herself in oceanography, in her studies of which she is helped a great deal by the Prince of Monaco, who is one of her many friends. We may lay the flattering unction to our souls that Madame du Gast, and the numerous society women of her type, are, in their love of sport, living examples of the love of all things English, which is pervading Paris

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

The Entente Cordiale as displayed nowadays in the Avenue du Bois

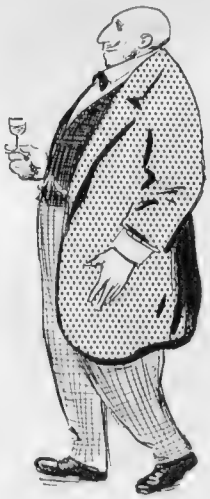
Parisian children now, when beyond the cap and ribbons *nounou* stage, have, nearly all of them, an English nurse, dressed as our English nurses dress

Mr. Basil Gill
As Hubert Forsyth, the young chemist

At His Majesty's Theatre

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW



Mr. Robb Harwood
As Professor Gruggh

Mr. Sydney Grundy has scored the original French play, *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, almost out of recognition. It is not the blue pencil he has used so freely as the black. For one erasure he has written in a score of notes in the margin. To what end these alterations and repairs? In order, it would seem, to provide an amazing character upon which Mr. Tree might exercise the widest range of his talents.

Isidore Izard, the blatant plutocrat, has been well hung in Mr. Tree's gallery of character studies, but at great cost to the play in which he appears. Like the vampire that he is represented to be in real life, Isidore Izard sucks up the life's blood of the play. *Business is Business* consists mainly of a series of episodes illustrating different detestable sides of Isidore's character. The play skids at times, but never really bites the surface sufficiently for progression.

Plutus at Home

We see Isidore Izard at "Crow's Nest," his splendidly vulgar retreat in the Surrey hills; he turns the garish limelight of his patronage, in turn, upon wife, daughter, and the two scoundrels, Devenish and Gruggh, who have come to rob him. He is full of mannerisms, which show up his character. He grunts, he chuckles, he digs everybody in the ribs with his ruler. He possesses every offensive habit which should incline the decent to rise and rend him. He is odiously selfish, to the point of sitting in the only chair and bragging about his possessions to his hungry and weary guests.

By the end of Act I., our hatred of Isidore has commenced to simmer. Long before the end of the play it has boiled over. In vain we looked for likely sources of relief, in the sense of dramatic action as opposed to the working out of an elaborate character study.

Mr. Tree as Isidore Izard, the plutocrat

Devenish and Gruggh promised well, but the scene in which they were squeezed by the octopus of finance turned out tame in the extreme. Isidore's daughter, Inez, proved another disappointment.

The Adapter's Wedding Ring

In the English version, she is secretly married to the young chemist, Hubert Forsyth—the English adapter is never without a wedding ring in his vest pocket. After a scene in which Isidore bends the Earl of Hathersage towards an alliance between his son and Inez, the financier rings the bell and summons his wife and daughter to acquaint them with the bargain he has struck. Here was a chance for a strong situation. Somehow it was frittered away in such manner that what should have been powerful became merely ludicrous. "I am married," says Inez coolly. When speech returns to the enraged father, he makes a movement to strike his daughter. She does a creditable dodge, and at this moment the feeble Forsyth appears. The climax to this strained situation is that the two delinquents are ejected physically out of the room. The propriety of this action does not, however, altogether check our laughter.

And then, at the eleventh hour, when hope has almost given way to despair, the play takes a tumble to itself, as the Americans say.

The god from the machine is Cyril Izard, a worthy son of such a sire as Isidore Izard.

He is a bloodless creature, with barely sufficient energy to squander the money which his father has made. Listlessly he comes to ask his father for £10,000; listlessly he departs on his motor (one cannot imagine him driving it). Upon the vapid Cyril, admirably played by Mr. George Trollope, Isidore centres all his affection. There is more than a touch of pathos in the old man's manner of bragging about his son.

Realism and the Horrors

One almost loves him for the snuffle he gives when Cyril departs—to his death. The effect upon Isidore of the news, that Cyril has been thrown from his motor and killed, is frightful, and affords Mr. Tree an opportunity of indulging in a bit of realism which is almost ghastly. The actor portrays, with a detail which makes us shudder, all the hideous contortions of a man under a stroke.

His eyes take on a glassy stare, his tongue lolls helplessly in the effort to articulate, but he can make no sound beyond a broken, brutish gurgle. He clutches at, and tears open, his shirt in the struggle for breath. Exhausted, he falls into the arms of his steward and is borne to the window, his limbs dragging along the floor in paralysis sickening to witness.

Enter then Devenish and Gruggh, like ghouls, to prey upon a man half dead. Taking advantage of his condition, they bring in a contract in which no mention is made of Isidore's share in the plunder.

Stricken as he is, Isidore detects the swindle, and, shrieking a curse at them, points at them with shaking finger to add the omitted clause—then totters out to meet the body of his son.

Such is the final scene, which more than atones for the previous dullness of the play.

It is no more to be missed than *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but one experience of Isidore Izard under a stroke is quite sufficient for the normal stomach.

The play is at times relieved by the humours of Mr. Robb Harwood as Professor Gruggh. The Professor, pretending not to understand English, the rôle is almost limited to pantomime, but Mr. Harwood's uncouth gestures and Teutonic gutterals are as eloquent as speech. Mrs. E. H. Brooke gave a clever rendering of Mrs. Izard, the financier's meek, down-trodden, little wife. E. C. S.

Mr. S. A. Cookson
Devenish, the Scoundrel Solicitor

Mr Robb Harwood
Professor Gruggh

Mr. Tree
Isidore Izard

Miss Viola Tree
As Inez, daughter of Isidore Izard

Mrs. E. H. Brooke
As Mrs. Izard, the plutocrat's wife

"Where Shall We Go To-night?"

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—The Head of the Profession in his greatest part.

Adelphi, 8: *Hamlet.*—The son of the Head of the Profession in *his* greatest part.

His Majesty's, 8.30: *Business is Business.* — See above.

Haymarket, 9.20: *Everybody's Secret.*—"Sugar and spice and all that's nice." At 8.30: *The Creole.*—Cyril Maude as Young Napoleon.

St. James's, 8.30: *John Chilcote, M.P.*—Not much of a version, but George Alexander gives a clever study in contrasts of Chilcote and his double.

Criterion, 9: *What Pamela Wanted.*—Miss Ethel Irving's first and successful essay at management. Play tolerably amusing.

Wyndham's, 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—A funny play, racy of the English soil.

Comedy, 9: *The Dictator.*—A funny play, racy of the American soil.

Lyric, 8.30.—Mr. Martin Harvey as Hamlet.

New, 8.15: *Leah Kleschna.*—A powerful play from America.

Duke of York's: *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.*—Barrie most happy. 8.25: *Pantaloon.*—Barrie less happy.

Garrick, 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—Well past the 200th night post.

Court.—To see the Shaw repertory is a great aid to conversation during the Shaw boom.

Savoy, 8.30: *Her Own Way.*—Miss Maxine Elliott's success, transferred from the Lyric.

Apollo, 8.15: *Veronique.*—A Messager success of some standing.

Daly's, 8: *The Little Michus.*—Another Messager success. Music light, fanciful, scholarly.

Great Queen Street, 8.15: "The Mermaid" Repertory Theatre; well worthy of support.

Musical Comedy at Vaudeville, Gaiety, and Prince of Wales' Take them in order.

Birmingham's New Court for Child Offenders

Birmingham believes in Protection heart and soul, and it has made itself famous for its advocacy of a policy which has for its object the protection of the manufacturing upper classes. This according to some; others hold a different opinion. However that may be, there is one brand of Protection having Birmingham for its home—the Protection of Children—which everybody, having the interest of children at heart, will agree is one of the best things Birmingham believes in. That its belief is a practical one, our illustrations give evidence. The fact is, Birmingham has set an example to the country in instituting a Court for Child Offenders, for besides saving time, and allowing the justices sitting at the Sessions House to take more important cases without the interruption of trivial ones, it keeps the child from coming into contact with the criminal classes. At no time in life is the individual more impressionable than in childhood, and at no time in life does he receive impressions more ineradicably. Wise discrimination has been shown at the Birmingham court in separating the petty child offender from the child "desperado," for there is nothing so contagious as vice. The child who has committed a small offence, and, being brought into conversation, finds another who has committed a greater offence, immediately thinks the less of his own. The work of the court is not heavy, as it sits every Thursday, and disposes of a week's cases. This is not the first time London has been shown the way by the provinces. Nowhere is a Court for Child Offenders so necessary as in London, and, perhaps, nowhere will they wait so long for one.

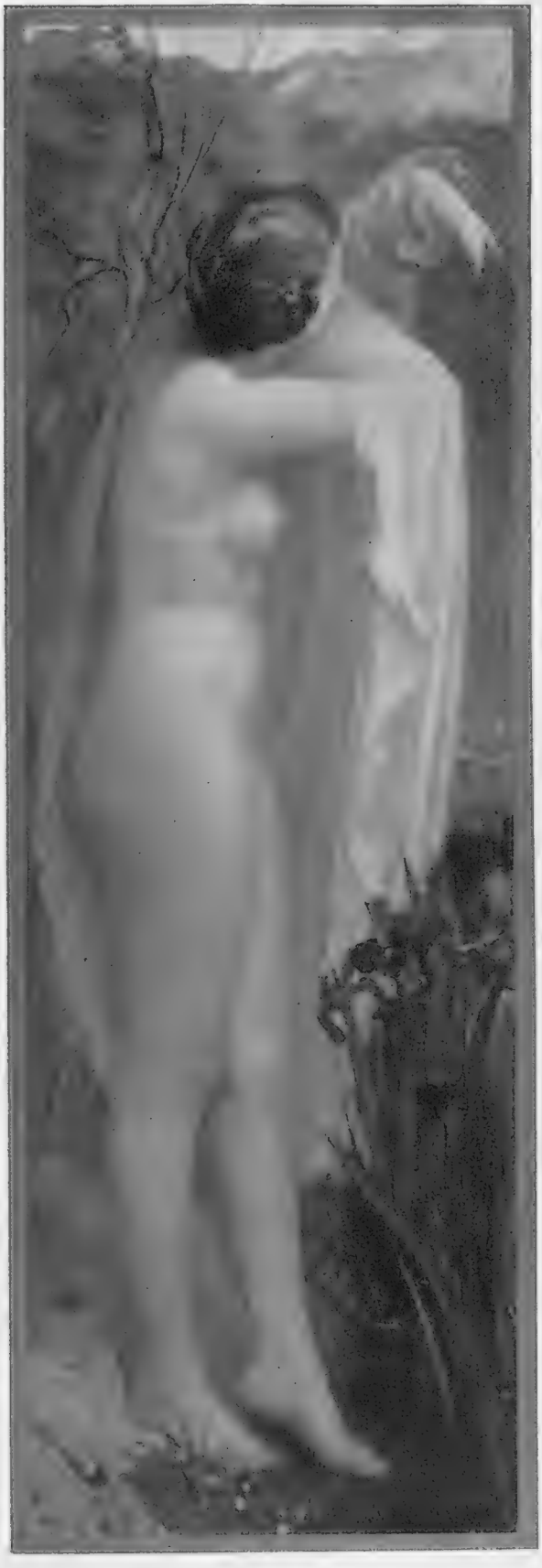
Birmingham's Children's Court: The entrance

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

The interior of the Court for Child Offenders at Birmingham, the only one of its kind in England

At the Academy

(Third Series)

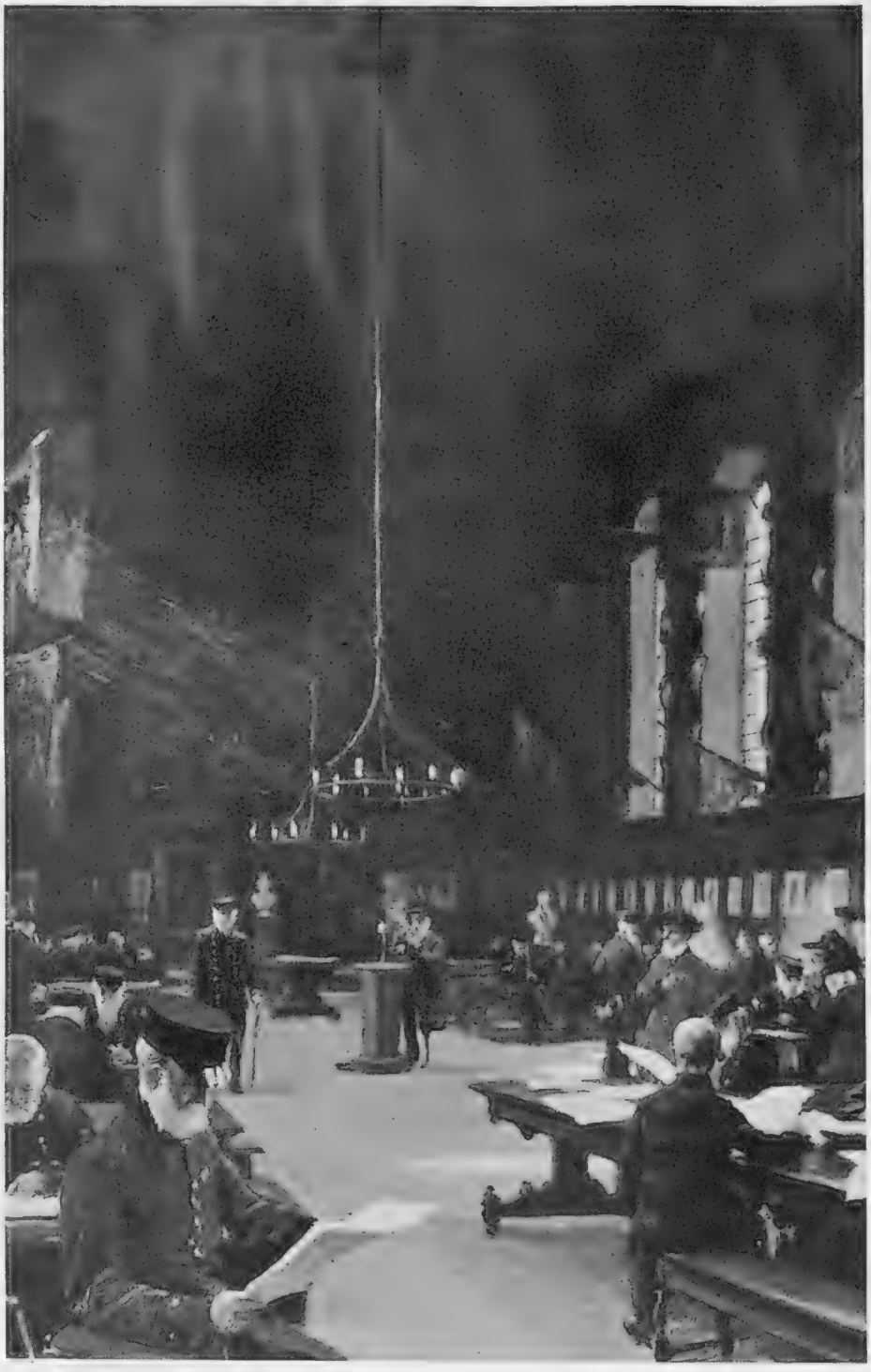


"A SYLVAN BATHER" 314)
BY HAROLD SPEED

"THE AWAKENING"—(Statue) (1649)
BY F. MOWBRAY TAUBMAN

At the Academy

(Third Series)



"CHELSEA PENSIONERS AT HOME"

(153)

By G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

At the Academy

(Third Series)

"LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CASTLE HILL"
(473)
BY WILLIAM LOGSDAIL

CONCERNING MR. PLOWDEN

(NO. 77 OF THE SERIES)

In recent times there have been two names in the magistracy of England which our less civilised classes have pronounced with respect and a certain affection. "'Awkins" was one: the Judge that you felt at home with, whatever you might have done. That light being extinguished, there remains "Plowden": the magistrate who makes you laugh, and isn't so ready as some to treat the evidence against the prisoner as in the nature of revealed truth. To Alfred Chichele Plowden belongs the credit of introducing into our judicature the principle of sympathetic interest. It has its limits, of course; but so few of his cases have anything really criminal about them that, in most of them, the simplest humanity pays. True, men who decide to treat themselves to a thoroughly complete spree are sometimes known to arrange matters so that the supreme crisis of festivity, and the subsequent catastrophe, shall occur within the jurisdiction of "old Plowden." But, generally speaking, there can be no doubt at all that Mr. Plowden's conception of his part as a Metropolitan Police Magistrate has led to the happiest results.

Something of his peculiar quality may be due to the blood that flows in his veins. That great lawyer of the Tudor time, Edmund Plowden, who left his name to certain Buildings in the Temple and to the Marylebone magistrate, is modified in him by another ancestor, the still greater Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury under King Henry the Fifth, and founder of All Souls' at Oxford. Justice tempered with mercy is the natural resultant of such an union of hereditary forces.

In the advice-giving department of his public duties the gentle magistrate shines with even brighter lustre, perhaps, than in his judicial work. There is no doubt that many persons go to him for counsel because they like the experience. As a French journalist once put it in a picturesque article about him and his Court: "C'est devenu dans le quartier un sport de l'interroger. Il y a des braves gens qui n'ont de repos que le jour où ils ont trouvé une question à lui poser." Possibly that overstates it a little; but there is truth in it.

Mr. Plowden upholds the work of a Police Magistrate as second to none in interest and (despite the conditions under which it is done) in healthiness. As for the health, it is now well understood that a man who plays golf as sedulously as Mr. Plowden does can face any strain upon his constitution. As for the human interest of the work, it is not surprising that a man who has had the pleasure of fining Mr. Arthur Roberts and the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, before whom Prince Clovis Bonaparte was charged with conspiracy to defraud, and who committed the thief of Lord Anglesey's jewels for trial, should think so.

That form of humour known as a "Plowdenism," though it is of constant occurrence in newspaper accounts of the Marylebone cases, is one of the most elusive known to students of the subject. Very often it is quite impossible to gather from the reported words that anything amusing has been said. The only certain mark of a Plowdenism, we are inclined to think, is the presence of the word "laughter" in brackets at the end of the speech. The magistrate himself has little to do with the making of a Plowdenism. It is the laughter in court, as a rule, that tells him that he has produced another one: and one of the sharpest thorns in his bed of roses, so to speak, is the shock that comes on seeing one of his most innocently-intended remarks dressed up—often mis-reported, too—with headlines and a waggish introductory paragraph, as his "latest."

He was a little upset by a picture of him that was published by a contemporary a few years ago. We hope the one on the opposite page is better.

Recipe for a Spring Song

Take a tender little flow-er,
And a lamb, or even two;
Take a little rustic bow-er,
With a little rustic view.
Let there be a little show-er,
Let it last about an how-er;
Let the lamb be in the show-er,
(Never mind about the bow-er):
Take a little pair of blackbirds, and a little pair of thrushes,
Never mind the captious critic, let them nest among the rushes:
Take a meadow and brook—
Take a shepherd (with crook)—

Mix 'em together,
Throw in more weather,
Gentle and balmy,
Throw in an "Ah, me!"
Throw in a cow
(Throw it in now),
Throw in a dove
(I forgot it above) . . .

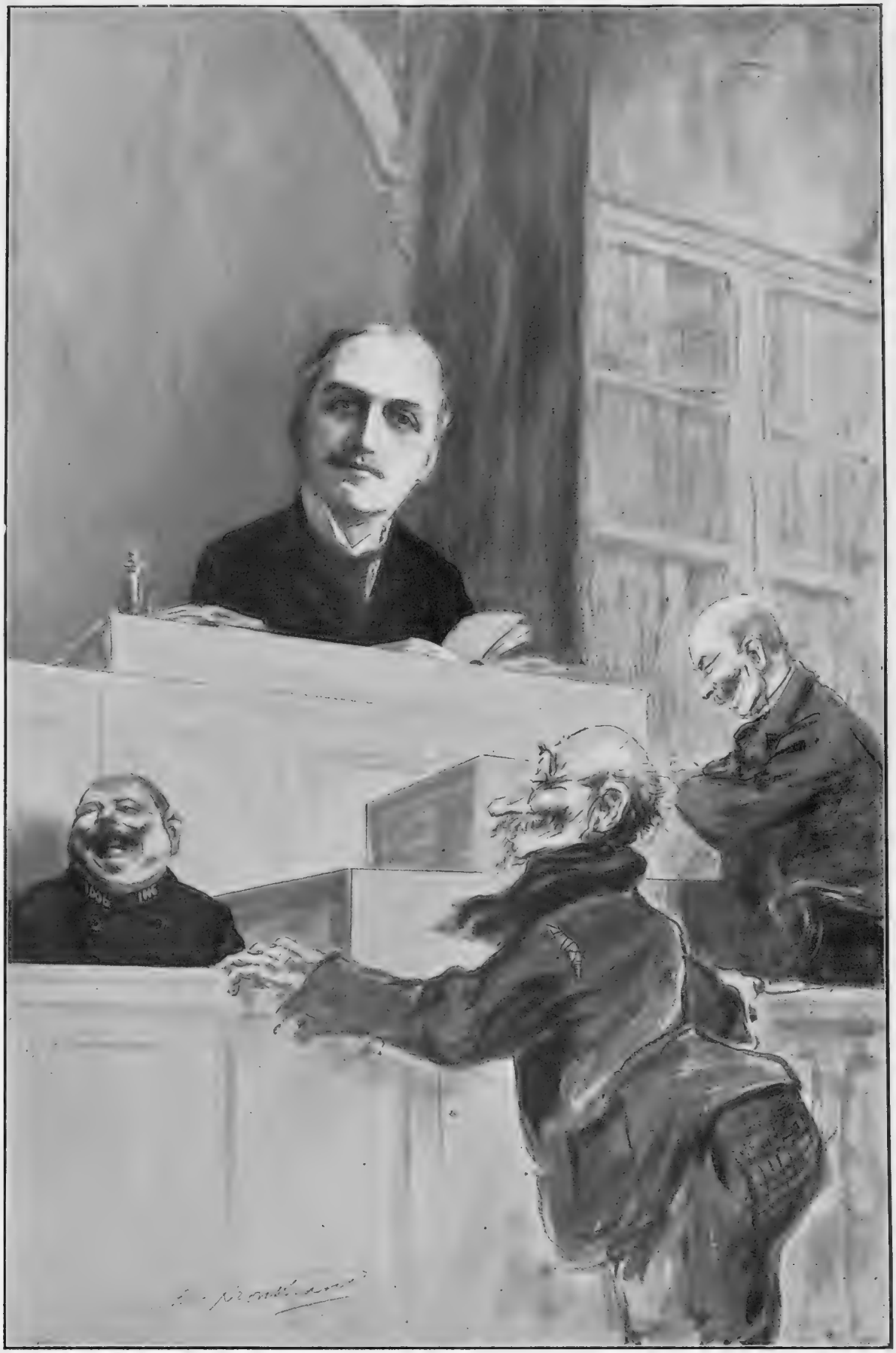
See it all goes to a suitable sing-song;
See that it's pure;—and then label it "Spring Song."

Take, oh! take, a gallant lover,
And his dainty little lass;
Take some sweetly smelling clŏver,
And some brightly gleaming grăss.
When the little shower is ŏver,
Let them both come out of cover:
Let them tread the fragrant clŏver—
(More especially the lover).
Never mind about the damp, and the forebodings of a mother,
Let them sit upon the river bank and sing to one another.
Take a glance and a look—
Take a ring and a book—

Mix 'em about,
Throw in a pout,
Throw in a tear,
Throw in a "Dear!"
Sprinkle with love
(Stick to the dove).
Season with kisses—
Throw in—and this is
Remarkable—throw
In a "Hey, nonny no!" . . .

See it all goes to a suitable sing-song;
See that it's pure;—and then label it "Spring Song."

A. A. Milne.



A "Plowdenism" in the Making

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

OUR SHORT STORY

A LETTER TO THE DUCHESS*

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "The Actor Manager," "When Love Flies out of the Window," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," etc.)

"You said to me last night, Duchess, 'You are a great musician, Socoloski, but a great musician may be a great fool!' I had vexed you. If I should not know that, forgive me; perhaps it is common of me to recognise that I vexed you—I shall always be ignorant of the best manners. Pray be indulgent to my ignorance, pray let me write to you boldly, because I have something to say.

"But how difficult it is—I am a vulgarian, who can only express himself by his violin! I want to say that when you looked at me so kindly, I was not the dolt and ingrate that I seemed; I was very proud, very honoured. If I appeared insensible of your interest, it was because I had just been stricken by a grief which I dared not hint.

"I arrived at your house late last night. You will be revolted to learn what delayed me. When my recital was over, and I had escaped from the fashionable ladies who scrambled to kiss my hands, and pull buttons from my coat as keepsakes, I hurried to a minor music-hall to hear a girl in tinsel sing a trashy song. I hurried there because I loved her, Duchess, and I had much to think of when I left. To understand what was in my heart when I reached your drawing-room, you must read my love story from the beginning—my very vulgar love story that will disgust you

"Most of the things that you have seen about me in the papers were false—anecdotes invented by my agent. The public ask for anecdotes of their favourite artists, and it is business to give the public what they want. I generally play the music that they want, though it is seldom the music I like best. I say that most of the things you have heard about me were false, but this much is true—my father was a peasant, and I have fiddled in a fair.

"I was happy. I have been told of artists who suffered agonies in their youth, always tortured by ambition, and dismayed by their obscurity. With me it was quite different. I was more joyous in a tent than I am now on the platforms. I even knew at the time that I was happy. That says much. Ungrateful, perhaps I sound to you? Still, I shall be frank.

"I was thirteen when I first heard the words, 'You will be famous.' I was on my way to buy some apples, and the discussion that detained me bored me a great deal. So ignorant was I, that I swear to you 'Fame' said no more to me than that one day I would fiddle with a roof of wood over my head, and that storekeepers and farmers would spell my name from a bill at the doors.

"My patron had me educated. To him I owe, not only my position in the musical world, but the fact that I am able to write this letter. I shall not weary you by describing the years of study. When I began to understand what lay before me, my apprenticeship looked an endless martyrdom; more than once I was at the point of flying from it. There is, they say, a special department of Providence for the protection of fools; it is Providence, no wisdom of my own, I have to thank that I am not still a vagrant scraping to villagers among the show wagons. The plans mapped out for me succeeded in spite of myself; at last, the time arrived when an agent said, 'Now we will commence!'

"Of course, I had come to my senses before this So far from hankering after the tents of my boyhood now, I was ashamed to remember that I had ever played in them; so far from picturing Fame as the applause of shopkeepers in a shed, I thirsted for something more than the reception accorded me at my début Ambition devoured me now. If I have the right to praise myself for anything, it is for the devotion with which I worked during the five years that followed.

"Well, I made a furore. Audiences rained roses on me, and struggled to reach the platform. Great ladies invited me to their receptions, and bent their eyes on me as if I were a god. I found it frightfully confusing; under my veneer, under my fashionable suit, I was still the peasant who had held his cap for coppers. I discovered that it was necessary for me to do more than master my art—that I was required to say interesting things to people who frightened me; my popularity suffered a little because I could not do it. The agent was furious at my bashfulness. 'You must speak to the ladies as if you were in love with them,' he told me; 'or if you cannot do that, be rude! Make an effect somehow. You answer as if you were a servant.'

"Many of my eccentric remarks that you have heard, Duchess, have been composed with difficulty, and practised with care. The world will not have us as we really are. My agent often returns a portrait-poster of me to the printer, with the instructions, 'Put more *soul* into the eyes.'

"I am coming to my love story. It was no further back than last year that I first met her. I had given a recital at Blithepoint, and was remaining there for a few days' rest. One evening I went to a variety entertainment in the pavilion on the pier.

"In the bill were three girls described as 'The Three Sisters Clicquot.' They appeared as theatre attendants—the programme sellers who show you to your box—and sang, to a rather plaintive air, that they once hoped to be 'stars' themselves. And then, having blossomed into gauze and spangles, they

*(All rights are reserved. Copyright by the Author in U.S.A.)

(Continued on page 384)

WITH THE FLEET AT EARL'S COURT

"I say, old f'lah, what are those women making such a fuss over?"
"Aw! only a Johnnie overboard"
"Lucky beggar! Hang it! we're always over-bored, why don't they make a fuss over us?" *(They give it up)*

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

GREAT HISTORICAL BAZAAR IN DEAN'S Y

SOME STALL-HOLDERS IN COSTUMES REPRESE

The Duchess of Roxburghe

Costume: William the Conqueror period
Stall: Wares of the same period

Miss H. Bridge (daughter of Sir Frederick Bridge)

Costume: Henry III. period
Stall: Wares of the same period

Miss E. Post

Costume: Charles I. period
Stall: Miscellaneous articles

The Countess of Yarmouth

Costume: Charles I. period
Stall: Miscellaneous articles

PSYCHÉ.

Photos by

YARD IN AID OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL

ESENTING VARIOUS PERIODS OF ENGLISH HISTORY

Miss Shuter

Costume : Henry V. period. Stall : Jewellery and Fans

Mrs. Calcott M. Fox, Miss Arbuckle, Miss Brett, Miss Ruth Parrott

Ladies of the Hospital Staff in Puritan costume
Stall : Flowers

The Viscountess Knutsford

Costume : Charles I. period
Stall : Miscellaneous articles

Lady Horatia Erskine

Costume : Charles I. period
Stall : Miscellaneous articles

Langfier

(Continued from page 380)

burlesqued melodrama. After their turn, two of the trio came into the stalls, and, by chance, we spoke; a Strong Man had broken a sixpence in halves, and thrown the pieces over the footlights—one of the girls asked me to let her see the piece that I had picked up.

"I do not suppose I exchanged twenty words with her, and certainly I gave no thought to the incident; but a night or two later I drifted on to the pier again, and came face to face with her when her performance was over.

"She greeted me gaily. 'Have you been in front?'

"'No,' I said; 'I am only strolling. Where are your sisters—are they really your sisters?'

"'Oh, no,' she answered. 'It's Nina Clicquot's show—good name to choose, eh? The other girl, Eva Jones, and I are engaged by her, that's all. This is my card.' From a battered purse she took a card on which was printed:

Miss Betty Williams

The Three Sisters Clicquot.

"We were near the entrance to the buffet. 'Will you come and have a drink?' I asked.

"'Oh, I don't think I will, thanks,' she said. 'I'm waiting for Eva—I might miss her.'

"'Oh, you'd better come,' I said.

"We went in and sat down at one of the tables. She did not strike me as particularly good-looking then; the charm of her face lay in its changefulness, and as yet I had not seen it change, for her capabilities as an actress were of the slightest. I saw merely a pale, slim girl, becomingly dressed in some dark stuff that was rather shabby; when she lifted her brandy-and-soda, a finger-tip showed through a glove. I wondered why I had brought her in, and was glad that there was no crowd to recognise me. It wasn't till she told me so that I was sure she recognised me herself.

"She said, 'I have never heard you play; I should love to! Did you do good business down here?'

"I couldn't help smiling. Yet it had a pleasant ring, that question. It revived the past—the days when I used to see the takings divided on the drum!

"'Oh,' she exclaimed, laughing, 'I forgot! Of course, you did—I'm not used to talking to big guns.' But there was no embarrassment in her apology—she might have been living among 'big guns' all her life.

"'How long have you been at it?' I asked her.

"'The halls? Three years,' she said. 'I was on the stage for a little while, not that I was up to much. I was the starving heroine once—the manager said I was the worst leading-lady he had ever seen, but that I "looked the part," because I was all bones. I *am* a skeleton, aren't I? I chucked the stage; the halls pay much better—and my voice isn't bad. Of course, it's not a trained voice, but it isn't bad, eh? We have two shows a night next week—that means five pounds to me. Good for little Betty!' By the way, she was not little.

"'What do you do with so much money?' One must say something.

"'Oh, I've plenty to do with it,' she said.

"'A husband to keep?'

"'Give us a chance!' she laughed. 'No, but mother doesn't make much by the shop any more—she's a costumier—and there are the kids to bring up—I've two young brothers. She did well once; I used to go up West, to try for engagements, dressed to kill—she lent me the models to put on. I often didn't have twopence in my pocket, but I looked a treat! The only thing was, I was so afraid of its raining—then we couldn't sell the model.'

"'You've had hard times?' I said, interested.

"She nodded gravely. 'Rough! I've always found very good pals, though. When I went into the chorus at the Regalia, I and a friend of mine hadn't a cent between us for 'bus fares; and there was an old Johnnie—one of the syndicate—who took to us. Quite straight! He said, "Look here, I know you two girls aren't getting enough to eat; I've booked a table at the Troc, and you're both to lunch there right through the rehearsals. If you can't get away for lunch, it's to be dinner; but one square meal a day the two of you are to have regularly, or there'll be rows. Mind, it isn't to be a meal for more than two!" Her face lit with laughter. 'There were some boys in the Chorus just as stony as we were; my friend would lunch one day, and I'd lunch the next—we'd each take a boy in turn! But the old man found out what was going on—and the Troc was off! . . . I've had cases of champagne sent me, if you please! He was a wine merchant's son—wanted to marry me; his screw in the business was about a pound a week. Nice little fellow. He always called me "Jack." He used to say, "I can't come in the pit to see the show to-night—I haven't got a bob; but have a case of champagne, Jack—it doesn't cost me anything!"'

"I liked it. For years I had conversed with only two kinds of women—the women who awed me, and the women who were awed. In five minutes I was as spontaneous as she. Her tones were, for the most part, very pleasant, and now that she was animated, the play of her features fascinated me. When we had finished our drinks we sauntered round and round the pavilion.

"'The performing birds are on,' she said, as we caught the music; 'I hate that show; I hate an audience for standing it. Don't they know it's cruel? Performing birds make me think of the first bird you see die—you're a child, it's generally the first time you've looked at death. You bury your bird in the garden, and you line the grave with flowers, so that the horrid earth shan't touch it.' Her voice fell to a whisper.

"By the burst of applause that reached us in the moonlight I knew that the pavilion was packed.

"'That's Heracles, the Strong Man,' she said, as we listened again. 'What did you think of him? He's in love with my sister—I mean Eva Jones. You know what a little slip of a thing she is? He wanted to kiss her, and she put on side—oh, Eva was very haughty! "Sir, how dare you?" He had hold of

"A comedian was bawling doggerel. I listened to bars of it before I whispered, 'dead?'"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

her finger, and he drew her to him as if she had been a piece of paper. It was so funny, to see her going! He worships the ground she walks on, fact! That was the reason his challenge night was a frost—didn't you hear about his challenge night? He bet that no twelve men in Blithepoint could pull him over the

line. Then he got drunk, because she wouldn't have anything to do with him—and they pulled him all over the stage. It cost him ten pounds, besides his reputation. He cried. "Ah, little girl," he said to her, "it is all through you!"'

"It was amazing, that on the boards she could not act! As I heard her tell this story, I would have sworn she was a born comedienne. The exaggerated dignity of Miss Jones, its ludicrous collapse, the humiliation of the Strong Man, she brought the scenes before me. 'Go on,' I begged, 'talk some more!'

"But before she could talk much more, the obdurate Miss Jones appeared. I was presented, and wished them 'good-night.' I could have seen them to their lodgings, but—well, Miss Jones's costume was not to my taste, and she had forgotten to take the 'make up' off her eyes.

"I am writing more than I intended; I had no idea that my explanation would be so long!

"The next night I did walk to their lodging with them. It was Saturday, their last night in the town; on Monday they were to open in a London suburb. Miss Jones had to leave a parcel with an acquaintance at the Theatre Royal, and, in her absence, Betty Williams and I paced the street alone. A quarter of an hour, perhaps. She was looking forward to the week at home. She was serious to-night; she talked to me of her mother and the 'boys.' I said I hoped she would find them well; and we shook hands—'Good-bye.' The incident seemed closed, but I went away with an impression I had never experienced before—the impression of having met some one who ought to have been my very good friend.

"When I breakfasted on the morrow, I felt blank in realising that her train had already gone. Every day I had to combat a temptation to run up to that suburb. When my holiday came to an end, I wondered if she was in town still. By a music-hall paper, I ascertained that The Three Sisters Clicquot were in Derby. Each week I bought the paper to learn the movements of The Three Sisters Clicquot; and each week I told myself it would be absurd of me to follow her so far. Eventually, I followed her to Yorkshire!

"What a town! The grey, grim streets, the clatter of the clogs, the women's dreary faces under the shawls! I put up at a commercial hotel—there was nothing else—and was directed to the Empire.

"Their name was far down the programme: 'Number 10: The Three Sisters Clicquot.' I began to think we would never reach it. Number 8 proved to be a conjuror, and my heart sank as I beheld the multitude of articles that he meant to use before he finished. Number 9 was a troupe of acrobats; a dozen times they made their bows and skipped off—only to run on again and do some more. At last! The number '10' was displayed, the little plaintive symphony stole from the orchestra, the three girls filed on—Eva Jones, next Miss Clicquot, then Betty.

"I wondered if she would notice me. I saw her start—she smiled. I was so pleased that I had come! We talked presently, in the passage under the stage. She was very surprised; I did not tell her that I was there only to meet her again. Once more I walked with her and Eva Jones to their door. In the morning I called on them.

"I stayed in the place four or five days. There were luncheons in the private room that I had been able to secure at the hotel. I went to tea with them at their lodgings. In fine, I was very much in love, and I knew that I had been a fool. I knew it for a reason which will be difficult for you to credit, Duchess; this girl, who took a brandy-and-soda with a stranger in a bar, who accepted little presents from others, and dined with men who had only one motive for inviting her, remained perfectly virtuous. In different classes there are different codes—she did not regard her behaviour as wrong; more, if she had committed the act which she knew to be wrong, she would have broken her heart. 'No matter how much a man cares for a girl,' she said to me once, 'he can't hold her any more sacred than she holds herself at the beginning. A girl saves herself for a man she is thinking of; she hasn't seen him—in all probability she never will see him; but she is saving herself for him—the imaginary man—from her head to her heels! . . . You tell me I "shouldn't do this," and I "shouldn't do the other"—I don't do any harm. If you knew how dull it is on tour, you'd understand my taking all the fun I can get. When a fellow asks me to lunch, I go; I say I'll go with another girl—that tells him everything, doesn't it? I swear to God I've only let one man kiss me in my life—and then I only did it out of pity, because he was so cut up. A man is never dangerous till he's beaten. Do you know that?' Well, I wasn't prepared to marry her, and she couldn't be anything to me if I didn't; I left Yorkshire with the firm intention of never seeing her any more.

"However, I missed her dreadfully, and, at the end of a month, I succumbed again. I went to Lancashire this time. The same impatience in my stall, the same quiver of expectancy at the plaintive introduction that was so familiar now, the same throb as the three girls appeared. Why should I bore you with details? I was with her all day, every day. Tea and chatter in the lodgings became an institution, and we grew serious only when the melancholy dusk signalled her departure for the hall. She was not fascinated by her career: 'How I hate going in!' she murmured sometimes, as we reached the artists' entrance, with the group of loafers spitting on the kerb. And I sat in front, just to see the turn, and talked to her again between the first performance and the second—in the passage at the foot of the dirty steps, where such draughts poured through the slamming door, and the gas jet blew crooked in its cage.

"She was fond of me; I knew it. I had only to ask her to marry me—I knew that her consent wouldn't be due to my position. There were moments when I was very near to asking her. But I was Socoloski, and she—a third-rate variety art st. I shuddered to think what the Society ladies would say if their god stooped—for that matter, what everybody would say. No woman could have been more different from the wife I had pictured. Yet no woman had ever been so truly a companion to me. Always a Bohemian at heart, I had naturally fallen in love with a Bohemian; but when he draws a portrait of the wife that he desires, every man is conventional. Besides, you, and great ladies like you, had made me

(Continued on page 388)

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter XV.—SOUTH AMERICA AFTER A REVOLUTION

"I wonder what this means? I told the President distinctly that I wasn't the Revolutionist leader"

(Continued from page 386)

a snob. She drove with me to the station on the day I left. She knew I wouldn't go to her again—I heard it in her voice. That was the only time I felt dull when I was with her—we both could have said so much, and were allowed to say so little. I remember the look in her eyes as the train crept from the platform. I shall always remember the look in her eyes as she smiled on the platform!

"Even a weak man may be strong sometimes—in the wrong place; I stuck to my resolve. At first, I still glanced at the *Encore*, just to know where she was, but before long I denied myself this too. Fortunately, my American tour started soon afterwards. The change helped me while it lasted, but when I came back the struggle was as bad as ever. Six months had passed, yet every day I hungered to see her. I was desperate. I didn't know what to do to keep myself in hand.

"Duchess, my motive in addressing you is to write the truth, even the truths that one blushes to acknowledge. When I welcomed the dawn of your interest in me, I turned to you as a chance of forgetting *her*—I did not mean to prove so obtuse as I appeared last night. Perhaps, a gentleman might have seized the chance also, but, I suppose, only a cad would own to it to you afterwards.

"And I couldn't forget! I never responded to your gaze without wishing it were hers. I resented the very gowns that you received me in, because *she* was poorly dressed. I hated myself for being in your drawing-room while she was trudging through the rain.

"My God, it's awful to think of a woman like that—to have the thought of her beset you as you open your eyes in the morning; to think till you're worn out with thinking of her, and pray to think of something else; to think of her till you want to escape from your own mind!

"Tolerate me a little longer!—I have nearly done.

"Last Saturday, it was a year since I had seen her. I broke down—I was ready to make her my wife. I wondered if she would look as pleased as she used to look when she saw me—and then I froze at the thought that The Sisters Clicquot might be abroad, that they might have vanished altogether. When I searched the *Encore* again, I—there were emotions!

"'The Three Sisters Clicquot'! I found it. They were in Portsmouth on Saturday; yesterday they were to be in town. It was impossible for me to go to Portsmouth; my prayer was that, after my recital yesterday, I might reach the London hall before she left. I had no means of knowing whether their turn would be late or early; all through that recital I was sick with the fear that I might miss her. The audience delayed me beyond endurance—I was shaking from head to foot when I escaped. I threw myself into the carriage, and told the man to drive like mad.

"He couldn't find the stage-door, and, too impatient to keep still, I leapt out and went to the box-office. It was all right, they hadn't been on yet! There could be no chance to speak to her until the turn was over, so—just as I used to do—I sat down to wait in the stalls. Just as I used to do, I read 'The Three Sisters Clicquot's' name in a programme, and wished that the preceding turn didn't last so long.

"I had taken it for granted that they would be giving a different song now—and my heart tightened at the greeting of that familiar symphony again. For an instant I could not look at the stage. I knew, with my head bent, the moment when the three girls filed on; I knew how they were moving, where they were standing—now the note that they were going to sing! I looked up for Betty's face—*and saw a stranger.*

"I couldn't tell you anything of the next few minutes—I only remember that I felt cold and dazed; I don't think I saw the turn very clearly. There seemed something unreal in another woman's standing in Betty's place, and wearing the frock that Betty had worn.

"Afterwards, I found the artists' entrance, as I had proposed to find it—only I asked for Eva, instead of Betty. She came down to me, smiling, in her stage costume.

"'Who'd have thought of seeing *you!*' she exclaimed, as we shook hands; 'I was just going to "change."'

"'How are you?' I said dully, and our eyes questioned each other.

"'I suppose you know about Betty?' she said.

"I could only look at her.

"'She's dead,' she told me.

"The last turn was on; a comedian was bawling doggerel. I listened to bars of it before I whispered, 'dead?'

"'She got typhoid when we were in Lincoln—she died last month. Hadn't you heard?'

"'No . . . It's still "The Three Sisters Clicquot" on the bills.'

"'Oh yes, of course—it's always "The Three Sisters Clicquot." . . . The new girl's not as good as Betty was—do you think so?'

"'I don't know.'

"The comedian was dancing now—I heard the rattle of his feet. Shabby people kept hurrying past us through the passage, up the dirty steps; the door at the top was slamming, and the gas jet blew crooked in its cage. It was strange to be among these things and not see Betty.

"'Good-bye,' I said. 'Did she ever talk of me after I went?'

"'Sometimes. She wasn't the girl to say much. Betty liked you, though.'

"'I liked Betty,' I said. . . . 'Well——'

"'Well,' she said, 'I must get along and change. Buck up!'

"And then I went to you, your Grace; I had promised to play to your guests, and I could not break my word. But you may understand what I was feeling while I played—that my thoughts were in a grave. And when we were alone, you may understand that, though you are young and beautiful, and a duchess, and exalted me by your caprice, I could not be guilty of that—outrage, that adultery towards the dead.

"Most humbly I beg you to believe that I esteem the honour you have done a man who was unworthy—who was loyal neither to you nor her. You will never pardon me for this letter. Good-bye!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson

Lovers of the quiet pastoral story are fortunate in having two excellent books provided for them this spring. We have hardly had time to read and re-read "Dorset Dear," a charming sheaf of stories of the West Country, by M. E. Francis, before Messrs. Digby Long announce, for publication this week, *A Village Chronicle*, by Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid. At a time when the morbid and sensational are so much in evidence in popular literature, one is glad to turn away into such quiet bye-paths and follow out the sequence of those simple events which influence the lives of dwellers in our English villages. *A Village Chronicle* is told by one who lives among the people, and it records, with the simplicity and charm to be found in all Mrs. Macquoid's works — in her books of travel as well as in her novels—the comedy and tragedy of village life. The book is full of that keen insight into rustic life and manners which is only to be attained by a writer possessing the fullest sympathy with her characters. *A Village Chronicle* is a book to read, and is among the best of the sixty odd works we have had from the versatile pen of Mrs. Macquoid, who will, in a year or so, celebrate her literary jubilee.

Books to Order This Week

NEW FICTION

Stingaree. By E. W. Hornung. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The Tyranny of the Dark. By Hamlin Garland. (Harpers: 6*s.*)

A Prince of Lovers. A Romance. By Sir William Magnay. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

GENERAL LITERATURE

A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems. By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Elkin Mathews: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Spring in a Shropshire Abbey. By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. (Smith, Elder: 9*s.* net.)

Robert Adam, Artist and Architect: His Work and His System. By Percy Fitzgerald. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FRENCH FICTION

L'Antechrist. A Romance. By Dmitry de Merejkowsky. Translated from the Russian. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press a book which will appeal strongly to both English and American readers. Its striking title is *Ethiopia in Exile: Jamaica Revisited*, and it has been written by Miss B. Pullen-Burry, whose work, "Jamaica as it is," was published by Mr. Unwin two years ago. Besides discussing the events which have brought Jamaica into public notice of late years, the author deals with the status of the negro peasantry, of whom the island contains nearly three-quarters of a million. Their conditions of life and comparative immunity from crime are contrasted with those of their brethren in exile in the United States. The scorn with which the negro is regarded in America is well known, especially in the Northern States, which fought, it will be remembered, for his freedom in the Civil War. With this fact in mind, one is at a loss to understand the reason for such rooted prejudice. Miss Pullen-Burry devotes several chapters of her book to sociological and other studies of the American negro, and concludes with a description of her visit to the negro settlement, at Tuskegee, Ala., established by Booker T. Washington, the ex-slave, who is now a trusted friend of President Roosevelt, a well-known preacher, and the spokesman for his race. It used to be said in America that the only solution for the "race" problem was "to let every Irishman kill a nigger, and get hung for it." Booker Washington knows another way, and through his influence much has been done to alleviate the degrading distinctions suffered by a people whose only fault was that "they came into the world beneath an African sky."

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish immediately a new novel by Mr. Carlton Dawe, entitled, *The Grand Duke*. The story, as its title suggests, is one of Russian life; and it deals with the bureaucratic Government of the Great White Tsar. *Mr. Chippendale, of Port Welcome* is a novel of Colonial life in Australia and New Zealand, which will be issued shortly by the same publishers. The author of this book is Mr. Charles Fellows, who has passed many years in the Colonies, and it is his first attempt at fiction.

It seems that the bookseller, who has long been grumbling at small profits, is to have the ground cut away from under him altogether by a huge combine, which will distribute its own publications. And, indeed, the bookseller has brought it upon himself. A well-known publisher was only lamenting, the other day, to the present writer on the unintelligent attitude taken up by the bookseller with regard to his wares. The average bookseller is always content to let his public come to him, instead of taking his wares to them. In every district, there must be a large number of people who would buy books if only they were brought before them. The Press, of course, renders authors and publishers invaluable assistance, but this is useless, unless the bookseller himself, who alone comes into contact with the buyer, actually shows the book and brings its contents visibly before his customers. Every good book should be well circularised among likely buyers, who should afterwards be called upon, and have copies of the book shown them at their homes. But no! the average booksellers, like Matthew Arnold's gipsies, "rubbed through yesterday in their hereditary way," and we suppose also that "they will rub through, if they can, to-morrow on the self-same plan."

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Adventures of Books

In the "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. Henry Shorthouse," edited by his wife, and recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, the story of how "John Inglesant" came to be published is told again. It is one of the most familiar stories of the adventures of books, and I fancy that I have already retailed it in these pages. But the "official" scarcely tallies with the common version, as we are now informed that no one but the author's wife saw the manuscript or knew of it before it was printed. I have always understood that the novel was built up from essays and sketches read to a literary coterie in Birmingham; and I can well believe it, as it is, perhaps, the most artless work of fiction that ever brought fame to an author, yet fascinating withal. But the point is, that every publisher to whom the manuscript was sent, refused it, and it was only owing to Mrs. Humphry Ward having been interested in the story, which she read in the original guinea edition, issued at the author's expense by Cornish Brothers, of Birmingham, and her introducing it to the Macmillans, that it ever appeared in the usual popular form of a novel. Mr. Gladstone, of course, gave the book a great "lift." Authors must regret that there does not seem to be any eminent public man who has succeeded to Gladstone's unique office of book-recommender to the British public. Quite a number of our popular novelists owed their early success to Gladstone's interest in contemporary fiction. But, reverting to the adventures of books, it is said that the first publisher of "Robinson Crusoe" netted £1,000 from the venture, which he made with much misgiving, as the book had been refused by nearly every bookseller in London before Defoe could induce Taylor, "at the sign of the Ship," in Paternoster Row, to issue it. What Defoe got for it is not known. The present firm of Longmans, Green and Co. was founded by Thomas Longman, who succeeded to Taylor's business, and their premises occupy the position of "The Ship": hence their trade device, and Mr. Andrew Lang's title for his monthly causerie in *Longman's Magazine*. Really, nothing is less decisive than the opinion of a publisher or his literary adviser as to a book's chances of success. Where the author has an established reputation, some estimate of its public reception may be made; but, barring such faults as downright bad English, nonsensical ideas, the most experienced publisher in London cannot foretell the fate of a book. There is more of the lucky-bag element in publishing than in any other respectable business, and that is, I suspect, why it is so attractive.

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Mrs. Comyns Carr

Whose new novel, "John Fletcher's Madonna," has recently been published

Photo by London Stereo. Co.

Mr. Comyns Carr

The famous author, art critic, dramatist, and theatrical manager

Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr

Among the many novels I have been reading recently is a very pleasant story by Mrs. Comyns Carr, entitled "John Fletcher's Madonna" (Constable: 6*s*.), in which Mrs. Carr displays chiefly her skill in the writing of bright and moving dialogue, her characters being well-differentiated, and the interest in them never allowed to languish. The book has not the power of the same author's shorter nove', "The Arm of the Lord," which I remember having read a matter of six years ago, and which had real dramatic intensity. It was, by the way, a tale of Methodist revivalism, and if it had been deferred until now, it might have been thought to be a very "seasonable" work. Indeed, I am surprised that the Revival has not already found its literary interpreter. Mention of Mrs. Carr reminds me that she and her husband are eminently entitled to places in my gallery of "literary couples." There is hardly in London a more versatile man of letters than Mr. Comyns Carr, who has had a long and brilliant career in the arts. Dramatist, theatrical manager, art critic, author, editor, for close on thirty-five years, he has known most of the literary men of his time, and has long been one of London's celebrities. He began by being called to the Bar, and then writing for the papers instead of securing briefs. Many years ago he was art critic on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and English editor of the famous French review *L'Art*. He was one of the founders of the Grosvenor Gallery and, later, of the New Gallery, but the drama has always shared his affections with the graphic arts, and it is well-nigh a quarter of a century since he made a stage version of Hardy's great novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." I fancy that his first real success on the stage was his dramatising of "Called Back," which gave Mr. Beerbohm Tree his memorable part of

Macari, and when Mr. Tree went to the Haymarket he associated himself with Mr. Carr as his literary adviser. For a time Mr. Carr ran the Comedy Theatre on his own account, and he was managing director of the Lyceum in the later years of Sir Henry Irving's tenure of that historic playhouse. He was the founder, and editor in its best days, of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the pioneer of the sixpenny pictorial monthlies. Not the least of his many qualities is that of being a delightful after dinner speaker—to my thinking, the best in London.

Could Milton Not Rhyme?

How true it is that one never opens any book without finding a passage that will, in some way, touch some topic of immediate personal interest. I had written my recent note about blank verse while I was on the eve of departing for a tour in the east of France, and when looking over a copy of Voltaire's correspondence in a second-hand shop at Nancy, three days afterwards, my eye caught the following, in a letter addressed to Horace Walpole :—

En qualité de viellard, je vous dirai une anecdote. Je demandais un jour à Pope pourquoi Milton n'avait pas rimé son poème, dans le temps que les autres poètes rimaient leurs poèmes, à l'imitation des Italiens ; il me repondit : *Because he could not.*

That was so like Pope, and so easy to say—as easy as his own stilted and artificial rhyme was to write! They had a grand conceit of themselves, these eighteenth-century worthies, but Shakespeare and Milton bid fair to outlive the bulk of them.

Photo by *Beresford*

Lady Margaret Sackville

Whose volume of poems, entitled "A Hymn to Dionysus," just published, made a very favourable impression

"My Best Story"

This is a popular feature in two new magazines just now. The idea is that the editor writes to a number of well-known authors, inducing them to select what they consider their best short story, and lo! an excellent excuse has been found for what is known in the north as "cauld kail het again," or the reprinting of old matter with renewed interest. The scheme was first worked out in America, I believe. Its chief interest is to illustrate how wrongly popular authors adjudge their own work. I have read all these "best" short stories up till now, and, with the exception of Mr. H. G. Wells's choice of "The Star," not one of them, in my opinion, shows its writer at his best. The most absurd selection is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's. He chooses as "about the best story I have written to date," a rather banal and badly written yarn of the Slave Coast, "Mrs. Wade, of Lagos." The dusky heroine has hair that is "brushed away into crisp waves on either side, just *like* many a schoolboy's *is* at home here"; while she and her husband "held ideas different *to* this," and do other things in an ungrammatical way. I know a little about grammar, but I speak with diffidence in the matter of negroid scalps, yet it does seem odd to learn that the parting in the hair of a negro woman should show "the white skin underneath." Mr. Hyne is probably accurate in this matter, but his story is as slovenly and inartistic a piece of work as he could have chosen, and he offers it to us as his best!

Lady Margaret Sackville's Poems

Although many Society ladies aspire to literary renown in these days, and books with titled names upon their title-pages have become mere commonplaces of each publishing season, it is not always, nor often, that such works are remarkable for intrinsic value. We have, however, one of these rarer cases in Lady Margaret Sackville, whose new book, "A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems" (Elkin Mathews: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), I have just had the pleasure of reading. Lady Sackville is a young writer and a true poet. Indeed, she was not quite twenty years of age when Mr. John Lane published her first volume, "Poems," in 1901, and there were in that little book several pieces — notably, "Pan and the Maiden" — which were rich with promise, instinct with poetry. Her imagination had been caught by the colour and mystery of Greek mythology, and how happily she expresses this side of her inspiration is seen in a "Hymn to Dionysus." Not that this poem is by any means great—when we recall Keats and André Chénier, our admiration must needs be tempered—but it is in many ways a remarkable piece of classical verse, charged with the mystic and sincere spirit of the ancient Bacchic solemnity, and not with the mere sensuousness which might be easy enough to comprehend. Lady Sackville is a sister of the present Earl De La Warr, who, if I am not mistaken, has also some literary work to his credit, descriptive of his experiences in the South African War.

OVERHEARD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

DESERTS

"I wonder what Mahlstick will get for that picture?"

"Six months I should hope"

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

CHISLEHURST'S HISTORIC CLUB-HOUSE

Memories of the Past

Many emotions and pathetic thoughts, not usually present in a golfer's mind, moved me deeply as I stood in the club-house of the Chislehurst Golf Club. For the club-house is the famous Camden Place, Chislehurst, where the last of the reigning Napoleons died in exile, and where every room is full of the memory of that extraordinary man, Napoleon III., of his ill-fated son, the gifted and charming Prince Imperial, and of that gracious and lovely lady, beautiful in youth, and now beautiful in old age, whose sorrows have commanded the loving sympathy of the world. As I sat with my kind host, Mr. Hamilton, the secretary of the club, in his room, once the study of "*le petit* Prince," and when he took me into one of the members' bedrooms and showed me a little gold plaque on the wall, marking the spot beneath which the Prince Imperial had recorded his height at various dates in pencil, I thought of Virgil's beautiful lines, "*sunt lacyrmæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" My thoughts flew back to that terrible day in Paris, in 1879, when I had to tell my hostess, a fervent old Bonapartist, that the last hope of their cause had perished in distant Africa, and how, with the words "*tout est perdu*," she burst into a flood of tears. And now, bent on such a different errand, I stood in the house where the father had breathed his last, and whence the son had gone forth to his soldier's death in an obscure skirmish with a horde of savages. But I must not linger any more with such mournful memories, for my task is not with the great dead, but with the living golfers, who now hold the house and estate sacred to the memory of the illustrious French exiles.

G. R. Hamilton
The hard-working secretary of the Chislehurst Golf Club

The Beginnings of Golf at Chislehurst

The Chislehurst Golf Club was established in 1894, and its first captain was Mr. John Dun, so well known at Hoylake, his home links, or wherever else golf is played. At first, the course consisted only of nine holes, and it very soon acquired the reputation of being one of the best and most sporting of suburban courses. The present management came into power in August, 1898, and under their auspices the course was enlarged to eighteen holes in June, 1900. I had always heard great accounts of the excellence of the Chislehurst greens, but, unfortunately, on my visit they were all undergoing medical treatment, so that I was only able to judge by a portion of the eighteenth green how admirable the rest of them must be when in their normal state of health. However, their substitutes were by no means to be despised, and I was able to judge by my two rounds what a fine, sporting little course the Chislehurst golfers possess.

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*
The Golf Club's Historic Club-house: Camden Place, Chislehurst
It was here that the last of the reigning Napoleons took up his residence when in exile with his Queen, the beautiful Empress Eugénie, and it was here that the boyhood of the ill-fated Prince Imperial was passed

The Course: A Good Leg Test

Although on the short side for these rubber-core days, being barely

The secretary's room at the Chislehurst Club-house

This room was formerly the study of the Prince Imperial, who lived at Camden Place until he went out to his death in the Zulu War in 1879

five thousand yards long, the course is so laid out that every variety of shot comes into play, while the walking up and down the glades of the course is sufficiently stiff to test the leg powers of the strongest golfer. If any fault is to be found with the course, it would be in the super-abundance of short holes, there being five requiring only an iron or mashie shot from the tee. Still, all these holes are excellent examples of their kind, while, to balance them, there are several long holes quite first-class in character. The soil is of excellent quality, lying on a substratum of sand, so that the architects of the course had only to dig in order to constitute the bunkers. I was particularly pleased to note an entire absence of the class of ditch-and-bank bunker, which is the curse of so many suburban links. Throughout, the course furnished proof that it had been laid out and arranged by men with the best golf traditions in them. It speaks well for Chislehurst that such fine players as Mr. Dick and Mr. Bevan are among its most assiduous frequenters, while its professional, J. Youds, comes from that nursery of good golf, Hoylake, and carries on the Hoylake tradition by playing beautiful golf, and producing beautiful clubs. The club-house provides some seven or eight bedrooms, which are rented by members, and anything more delightful than the view over the links from some of these rooms cannot well be imagined.

The Hard-working Secretary

The club is happy in the possession of such an excellent secretary as Mr. Hamilton, whose business qualities are as good as his excellence in the game itself. His is no easy task, for he has to please not only the golfers, but the directors of the company, who manage the finances of the club, and also the ladies, who have a club and course of their own, in addition to that of the men. To succeed in such a difficult post speaks volumes for the capacities of my host, while my own experience of his charming courtesy makes it easy for me to understand his success. In conclusion, I am glad of this opportunity of tendering my thanks to the directors and committee for their kindness in affording me such an enjoyable day's golf over such a charming course.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Two Useful Books

Of books on golf there are already a goodly number, yet players will learn with interest that Harry Vardon has written a book on the game which Messrs. Methuen are publishing. Taking a tip from the greatest of anglers, Vardon is calling his book "The Complete Golfer." The volume treats of the history of the game and its engaging qualities, while much space is given to the playing of it, which latter part will no doubt be warmly appreciated.

Another book, "The Golfers' Year Book for 1904-5," has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet. Edited by Mr. John Low it contains contributions by Messrs. Horace Hutchinson, Harry Vardon, James Braid, and other well-known players, both amateur and professional. This book will be found an up-to-date handbook for golfers on all matters relating to the game, and is worthy to be called the "Wisden" of golf. Its price is 3*s.* 6*d.*

Photos by *Baker and Lixon*

The smoking-room of the Chislehurst Golf Club

The whole house is full of memories of its former Royal tenants, whose misfortunes have gained for them the sympathy of the whole world. In one of the bedrooms is a little gold plaque on the wall, which marked the spot where the Prince Imperial had recorded his height at various periods of his boyhood

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Motor Boats

The unfortunate ending to the Algiers-Toulon motor-boat race has produced the inevitable result. The motor racing boat is denounced by the critics as unsafe, unsound, and of little practical value. While at first sight this is apparently true, perhaps a closer examination of their *raison d'ê.re* should be undertaken by those who so lightly condemn. A racing motor-boat is, admittedly, an experiment; the hull is excessively light, and both the plating and framework are of barely adequate strength. The stress of competition demands an enormous engine; the manufacturers have successfully fitted these big, powerful engines into the fragile hulls. Considering the small amount of experience which is at present obtainable, the stresses and strains set up in this novel type of craft have been well met. If manufacturers liked, they could easily build sea-worthy craft; to construct heavy hulls with a big margin of safety would be child's play compared with building these speed craft. They aim, however, at progress. They are engaged in evolving the fastest possible type. The trans-Atlantic service shows the extreme value of speed. Now, speed depends roughly on three things: weight, engine power, hull form. The weight must be kept down, the engine must be as large as possible, the body shape of the boat must be so designed as to diminish skin-friction and resistance as far as possible.

Experimental Types of Great Value

In pursuit of these objects, many mistakes will be made, and many types will be evolved which will not—in truth, are not meant to—stand hard weather. The one great lesson from the Mediterranean fiasco is that those responsible for these races should not allow them to take place if the weather is threatening. It frequently happens at our English regattas that races, open to the light racing raters, are postponed or cancelled. If those in authority at Port Mahon had exercised a little discretion, this serious disaster would not have taken place.

Madame du Gast

The only lady competitor, the skipper and owner of *Camille*, had a near shave, but, nothing daunted, that plucky little woman, Madame du Gast, has, I hear, ordered another wave skimmer. One would have to go far to find another of her sex

The Disastrous Motor-boat Race from Algiers to Toulon: The crew of the "Camille," on board the "Kléber" after their escape

The *Camille* belonged to Madame du Gast, who was driving her own boat, and would have been drowned, but for the devoted efforts of her crew

The Scottish Motor Reliability Trials

with the nerve of this intrepid chauffeuse. I remember seeing her in the fierce, famous Paris-Vienna race. I was standing at the first control at the end of an avenue at Rambouillet, when Madame came tearing down the long, straight road, on a big De Dietrich. Anxious to save time, she only applied her brakes at the last moment. Checked thus suddenly, the car swayed and skidded, but the

Photo by *Bassano*

The Scottish Trials: The 24 h.-p. Thornycroft, which won the hill-climbing tests

Taking the three-mile climb up Loch-na-Craig, which rises 979ft., with a gradient of one in seventeen, this car made the ascent in 12min. 27⅘secs.

cars went to Edinburgh, and on to Dundee (first day); thence over Cairnwell, the highest road in Great Britain, *viâ* Braemar, to Aberdeen (second day). Leaving the "Granite City," the cars went still further north to Keith, then southwards to Pitlochry, in the heart of the Grampians (third day); from there through Dalmelly, to finish at their starting point, Glasgow (fourth day).

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Scottish Trials: The 16 h.-p. Clement Standard Tonneau approaching High Street, Glasgow

These trials were among the least eventful which have ever taken place. At the same time, they were the most severe, especially in the way of hill climbing, and the freedom from accidents which has characterised them is a credit to everybody concerned

driver, thoroughly up to her work, corrected every swerve. Full of admiration, I exclaimed: "What nerve that woman has got." "What nerve the mechanician has to sit by her side," was a response evoked from one Frenchman, less gallant than his neighbours.

Hilly Scotland

The annual Glasgow to London non-stop run, which the Scottish Automobile Club has held with so much success for the last three years, gave place this season to a 600 miles test in Scotland itself. The fact is, the modern car does not need testing—ordinary reliability trials are a thing of the past. The uselessness of sending cars like the Daimler, Wolseley, De Dion, Napier, Panhard, Renault, and fifty more that I might name, on a few hundred miles of ordinary roads is acknowledged to be a farce. Beyond a dirty plug, a few punctures, possibly a broken chain, nothing happens: the cars just potter, get in each other's way, and suffer from each other's dust. The Scotchmen, recognising the futility of such competitions, endeavoured to improve on them, subsititutng a course over their mountainous country. Starting from Glasgow, the

The Popularity of the Multi-Cylinder Motor

As no steam cars were entered, the original four classes were reduced to three. Class A, for single-cylindered cars, contained only four competitors, namely, Miss Levitt's 8 h.-p. De Dion, a 8 h.-p. Darracq, a 10 h.-p. Cadillac, and a 6 h.-p. Wolseley. The two-cylinder division, in Class B, totalled nine, while the class for three or four-cylinder cars had no less than thirty starters, twenty-nine having four-cylinder motors—the only three-cylinder entrant being the 7-9 h.-p. Vauxhall. The fact that there were only four one-cylinder cars—two, by the way, from France, England and America providing only one each—shows significantly the trend of the public demand. The ordinary buyer wants a multi-cylinder engine—he scorns the modest motor with but one sparking plug to clean. While a week or two must elapse before the actual results are announced, thirteen or fourteen competitors only can be credited with actual non-stop runs. Of this baker's dozen, too, several will have to lose marks for covering the course too quickly. Of course, the cars must not be allowed to race, but it

The Scottish Motor Reliability Trials

certainly seems a pity that a good record should be spoilt by being too punctual. But, as I remarked before, these trials, even when held in hilly country, possess now but little use. There are too many absolutely reliable cars on the market to choose from, that non-stop competitions have ceased to interest the buyer.

A Terrible Fine Time

The police forces are fully mobilised; measured quarter miles and short furlongs abound; so great is the demand for *reliable* timing apparatus, that the manufacturers are working overtime. Those police-sergeants who have not yet got their new 1905 pattern speed-measurers are, however, doing their best. At Kingston, they signal with umbrellas (on a sunny day, no doubt, the police will be provided with parasols); at Cobham, a constable pretends to pick up a stone; other equally rough-and-ready methods are in use elsewhere. Look up my previous lists, drive carefully, and especially remember the—

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Scottish Trials: 14 h.-p. Standard Wolseley leaving Glasgow

Forty-four cars were entered, of which forty-three came up to the scratch at the start

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Scottish Trials: The 16 h.-p. Gladiator and 10-12 h.-p Argyll approaching Edinburgh

On the last day, the route chosen was the most severe of the tour. The distance covered in the four days was six hundred miles. On the first day, the Brooke car, an all-British automobile from Lowestoft, accomplished a remarkable non-stop run on its top speed, no change of gear being made during the whole journey of one hundred and forty miles

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Scottish Trials: The 12 h.-p. Sunbeam going well

Over a dozen cars of the number—a very high percentage—made non-stop runs over the four successive days during which the trials lasted

TWENTY-MILE LIMIT

Along the river at Kingston.

Down Tartar Hill, Cobham.

Up Pain's Hill, Cobham.

From the top of Pain's Hill, going towards the Hut Hotel, a measured quarter mile.

At Leominster, on the Hereford side.

Through East Grinstead.

Approaching Bishop Stortford, on the London road.

At Buckden—this old friend on the north road is working again.

Entering Edgware from London.

Through the Horsham district.

Between Chorley Wood and Chieves.

Just outside Brighton.

From Hatfield to Barnet, on the North road.

Alfred C. Hunter.

SALMON FISHING: THE SEASON ON THE RIVER CLADY, CO. DONEGAL

One of the upper reaches, showing the long, sinuous flats

The Clady is a very picturesque and prolific salmon water, which has the added advantage of being close to good hotel accommodation

The salmon leap on the lower pool

As will be seen, the scenery on some parts of the river is rocky and wild, and the whole district is an ideal one for a fishing holiday

Photos by] **A capture on Carry Pool** [*Shrubsole*

The season on the Clady lasts from April to October, and hotel and fishing charges are moderate

Lawn-Tennis Notes

A PLEA FOR MORE MATCH PLAY

By H. S. SCRIVENER

Match Play v. Tournament Play

It has always seemed to me to be a pity that match play should have, as it were, to take a back seat as soon as the tournament season is fairly started. For the first few weeks of May, while players are keen on getting all the practice there is to be had, and no tournaments are forthcoming, secretaries of clubs and counties have little difficulty in raising teams; but later on they are frequently met with the answer—"Yes, I'll play, provided I am knocked out of such-and-such a tournament by then"—an embarrassing sort of acceptance, especially in the case of players whose presence makes all the difference to the strength of a team, and one which shows the comparative value, in the player's estimation, of the two branches of the game. In the North, where tournaments are fewer, match play has a much better chance; men play more regularly for their club or county, the teams "get together," and the rivalry, where the two sides are at full strength, and are doing their level best, is proportionately keen. But in the South we have barely time to get together before the tournament season is upon us, and the match list resolves itself into a series of unconvincing encounters between weak and unrepresentative teams.

Miss May T. Sutton, lady champion of America

Miss Sutton, who is not quite eighteen years of age, will compete at Wimbledon this year for the Ladies' Championship

Where the Difference Comes In

I am not going to labour the obvious and oft-repeated proposition that match play is the purest form of the game, because of its unselfishness, and because the player subordinates his own interests to that of his side, and seeks no reward beyond its success. Neither am I going to endorse the suggestion that tournament play owes its greater popularity to the attractions which it offers in the way of prizes. I do not believe that lawn-tennis players, as a race, are pot-hunters. I think that they go where the best play and the most fun can be got out of the game, and I feel tolerably sure that they prefer tournament play to match play, because they find it more satisfying. A match of the prevailing type—three pairs a side, each playing each—suffers, to my mind, from this fatal drawback: that by about the middle of the second round (and often sooner) you can generally tell what the ultimate issue will be, bar accidents. Of course, the unexpected sometimes happens, such as the third pair of team A beating the first pair of team B, after losing to B's second or third, but this sort of thing is exceptional. As a rule, you can apply the methods of our dear old friend Euclid with perfect safety, and say: "If A1 is greater than B1, how much greater," etc., etc. And, unless the teams are very evenly matched, there is nothing very exciting about the mere proof of the proposition. Take the case, too, when the match, already won on the second round, is played out for want of something better to do. What can be more dull? Then, again, there is the absence of Single play, at which nearly everyone likes to test his strength in something more serious than a practice game, however fond he may be of Doubles. Here, again, the tournament steps in and fills the bill, and the team secretary has to go out into the highways and hedges.

A Suggestion

My conclusion, therefore, is that match play suffers because the prevailing form of match is unsatisfactory. I am not at present prepared with a cut-and-dried scheme for improving it, for the question is admittedly a difficult one; otherwise I do not think we should have adhered to the old lines for so long. But I think I know what is wanted. In the first place, we want both Singles and Doubles, and about an equal amount of each; in the second, we want to do away, as far as possible, with the foregone conclusions, which the each-play-each plan almost necessarily involves, when the total number of matches played on this principle amounts to nine. Also, I am strongly in favour of a time limit, in order to do away with the glorious (?) uncertainty as to the catching of trains, and the ultimate achievement of the evening meal, which is one of the chief excitements of an "out" match. A plan that might be worth trying would be to place the teams (six-a-side as heretofore) in an order of merit, and play six Singles and three Doubles, allowing one point for a win in Singles and two for a win in Doubles, and counting sets and games where, at the end of the match or on the expiration of the time limit, the points scored by each side were equal. The chief drawback to this suggestion is, that unless six courts were available, the Singles could not be

Photo by *Mather and Crowhurst*

K. Powell, of King's College, Cambridge

Who gained his half blue in athletics this year. Powell, who has an excellent left-hand service, partnered A. F. Wilding in the trial matches, and looks like gaining his half blue for lawn tennis

played concurrently, but I do not think this would be necessary. There would, probably, be plenty of time for each man to get in his one Single and one Double on three courts, and where the players wanted more exercise, and time permitted, the Doubles could be made the best of five sets by arrangement. Of course, this is only a rough scheme, but it seems promising, and might be worth elaborating. At any rate, I do not believe that match play will ever take its proper place in lawn tennis until it is made more interesting than it is now.

The Australasian Team—A Case of Eaves-dropping

It is somewhat surprising to find that W. V. Eaves has not been chosen as one of the representatives of Australasia in the forthcoming International matches. The reason alleged by a writer in *Lawn Tennis*, is that he was "thought to be hardly eligible," which seems, to say the least of it, odd. A man is either eligible for a competition of this kind or he is not; he cannot be "hardly" eligible; and Eaves has the necessary birth qualification under the rules. We know that the four from whom the final selection will be made — Brookes (Champion of Victoria), Dunlop (an ex-Champion of Victoria), Parker (Champion of New Zealand) and Wilding—are all good men and true, but we shall look for something rather out of the common from a team which can afford to dispense with "the doctor's" aid, at any rate in Singles. I amused myself a few days ago by loooking up his performances in Australia in 1902 (when he won the Championship of New South Wales and represented Victoria in the Inter-State match, winning all his ties), and, although he may not be quite as consistent as he was then, I do not think that his best form has deteriorated. Last year, he was, at least, the equal of Wilding—if not a shade better. Possibly, the aim of the selectors has been to choose men who are really representative of present-day lawn tennis in Australasia; but, if that is so, what about Wilding himself, who has resided for more than two years, and has learnt most of his tennis, in England?

Miss M. Sutton

The sterner sex are not to have it all their own way this year in the matter of International rivalry, for Miss M. Sutton, the present lady Champion of America, intends to compete in the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon. The standard of play among women in the States is, as we all know, somewhat weak, and most of us can remember the disappointing début at Wimbledon, in 1900, of Miss Marion Jones, the then lady Champion of America, although, by dint of constant practice, she did much better at subsequent meetings. Last year, too, Miss E. H. Moore (U.S.A. Champion, 1903), while on a visit to Scotland during the latter part of the season, played at one or two meetings over the border, and her form, though not highly tried, did not seem to be much above second-class. But of Miss Sutton we have reason to expect greater things, if she can only take kindly to the altered conditions of climate, etc., for in the American Championship last year she went right through the event (five rounds) without losing a set, and with a total loss of only ten games, or an average of two games per match, which must be something of a record for a National Championship.

H. S. Scrivener.

[The Bystander *is offering one of Messrs. Mass and Co.'s Central Strung Racquets for the best umpiring at the Surbiton Tournament. Particulars will be found on page 361 of this issue.*]

Photo by *Mather and Crowhurst*

A. F. Wilding

Captain of Cambridge University Lawn-Tennis Club. Wilding is playing in his best form this year, and should do great things at the Inter-'Varsity Meeting

Notes from the Polo Ground

By L. V. L. SIMMONDS

Rugby v. Rest of England

The principal feature of the Polo season, so far, has been the splendid victory achieved by Rugby over Mr. Buckmaster's England team, at Roehampton. The latter side was the strongest possible, including Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. P. W. Nickalls—truly as brilliant a four as could well be found; and as Rugby, for the first time since the Champion Cup final of 1903, put their full team—Mr. Walter Jones and the three brothers Miller—into the field, it was, indeed, a battle of the giants. Never before has there been such a galaxy of talent in a match, and a more scientific game has, probably, never been witnessed. Runs were few and far between, and, as a matter of fact, it was not often that a player got two consecutive hits at the ball.

A Great Game

The story of the game is soon told. Rugby got three goals in the third ten, Mr. Buckmaster's team hitting two in the fourth period. After that, Rugby successfully repulsed attack after attack by their opponents, and finally rode off proud winners of a great game by a single goal. Mr. George Miller showed that he has not lost his skill during last year's enforced absence from the game, playing a fine No. 2. Mr. C. D. Miller exhibited excellent defence, and Mr. Walter Jones, who hit two of the winners' goals, was quite at the top of his form; but particular mention must be made of Captain Miller, who, from start to finish, was the mainstay of his team, and has never played better. The losers, needless to say, all played fine polo, but they had not quite the

Photo by *Bunnett*

Captain E. D. Miller, D.S.O., the captain of the Rugby Polo Team

In the great game at Roehampton the other day—Rugby *v.* Rest of England—Captain Miller was the mainstay of a team, which, including his two brothers, Messrs. G. A. and C. D. Miller, and Mr. Walter Jones, was one of the most brilliant to be met with anywhere. In this battle of the giants, the Rest of England (Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. P. W. Nickalls), were beaten after a magnificent fight, by a single goal

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Politician and Polo Player: Mr. Winston Churchill finds polo even warmer work than debating

Mr. Winston Churchill, since his escape from the Boers, has been so busy making a name in politics, that he has been seen rarely on the polo ground. This season he has been playing regularly again, and will probably play at Hurlingham in the forthcoming Lords and Commons matches

combination which has so often enabled Rugby to carry the day.

The Public Schools' Cup

This week's Old Boys' Tournament at Roehampton ought to be most interesting, for Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough, are all strongly represented. Mr. George Miller will again captain his team of Old Marlburians, which includes Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and Mr. C. D. Miller, who have won the tournament three times. Captain Miller, whose team won last year, will have the following Old Harrovians playing with him this time: Mr. N. Baring, Mr. Walter Jones, and Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Renton. The three brothers Nickalls and Major A. M. Pirie (of the 21st Lancers) are representing Rugby, and the Old Etonians are Captains Heseltine and Herbert Wilson, Mr. A. Rawlinson, and Lord Shrewsbury. The final is fixed for next Saturday.

The Social Clubs' Tournament

Another popular competition is the Social Clubs' Tournament, which takes place at Hurlingham next week. White's Club will probably be represented by two teams, one consisting of the four players who won in 1903, viz., Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. G. A. Miller, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Mr. C. D. Miller, and the other including Captain Herbert Wilson, Captain G. Heseltine, Lieut.-Colonel Renton, and another. The Orleans Club will be represented by the four Old Cantabs who won the Champion Cup five years ago, Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Freake, and the two brothers McCreery. If Mr. Foxhall Keene—who is said to have abandoned his intention of bringing a team of American players over to England this year to play in club matches—arrives in time, there will probably be a Wellington Club team competing, made up of himself and Messrs. Rawlinson, Garland, and Mackey. Other teams may possibly be entered from the Cavalry, Bachelors', Boodles', and Bath Clubs.

Politician and Polo Player

Mr. Winston Churchill, who, since he left the Service and took to politics, has been seen but rarely on the polo grounds, has been playing fairly regularly again this season. He made an early start at Rugby in April, and since then has taken part in several matches in London. Before he left the Service, Mr. Winston Churchill used to play in the 4th Hussars' polo team, and on one occasion helped them to win the Inter-Regimental Tournament in India. Although one can hardly include Mr. Churchill in the front rank of polo players, he appears to enjoy the game thoroughly, and he will, doubtless, help to represent the Lower House in the forthcoming Lords and Commons matches at Hurlingham.

L. V. L. S.

The Connoisseur

Eighteenth Century Watch Stand
Made of carved wood, showing sun-ray *motif* in the design

Carved Watch Stands

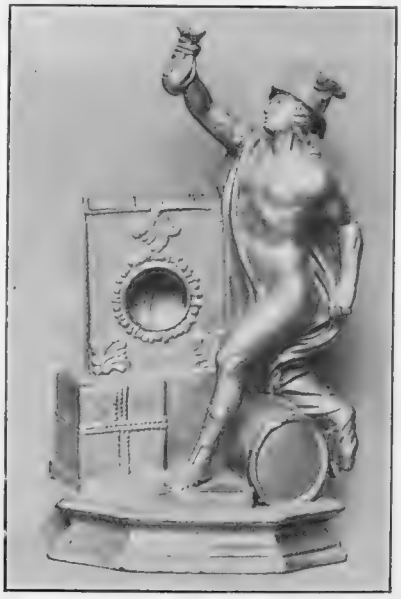
DURING the eighteenth century, every detail of applied art had an interest of its own, which personal skill and manual craft alone can give. Thus, by degrees, each department of the lesser arts has come beneath the notice of the connoisseur and fallen a prey to the insatiable collector. But, until quite recently, no one had made a collection of those often elegant and curious watch stands so general in the eighteenth century, when a pocket chronometer had to do duty, occasionally, as a clock, or the vanity of some great lady suggested that the graces of her morning audience would be incomplete without the lavish adornment of every detail of her surroundings.

In many of the old French engravings of bedroom scenes these watch stands are to be noticed; there can be no doubt that they were considered important, and that in all parts of Europe accomplished artists helped to produce them. But no record is left of their growth and history.

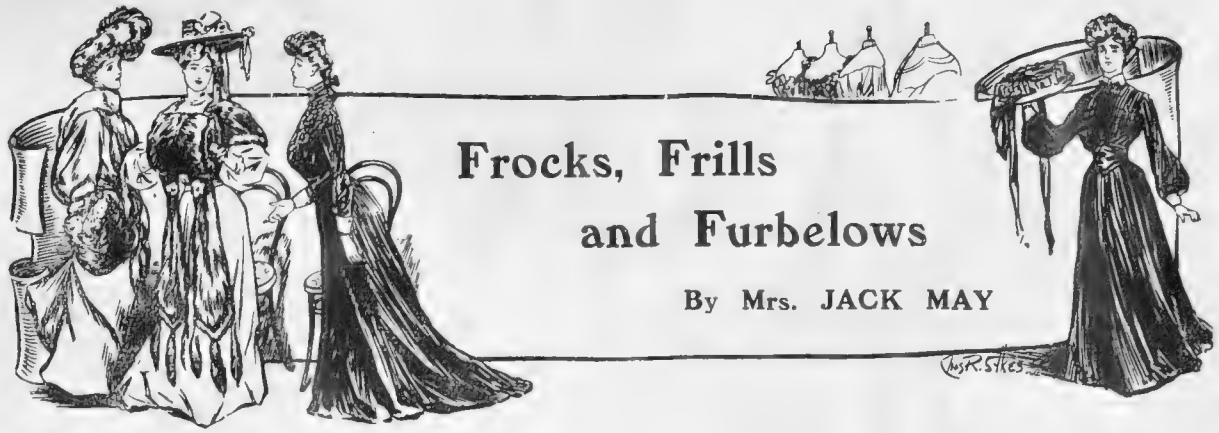
A century and a half or so passes, and these vanities are almost forgotten, except to those knights of the æsthetic grail to whom no trifle of beauty is ever wholly lost. Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham has of late made a collection of these watch stands. They are being shown in the galleries of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, in Regent Street, at the present time. No museum, we believe, has a collection of these carved wood stands; and no English museum has even a single example. The reason for this neglect is not obvious, when one recollects that many artists of well-known talent, and many wood-carvers of skill, must have helped to produce these examples. It is true that they are sufficiently analogous to the *Cartels de Chevet*, the cases of which were often made of wood or bronze, thickly gilt or decorated with Vernis Martin, to be considered to come under that heading. In Mr. Jerningham's collection—the only one, as we have said, extant—each piece is of wood, many of them heavily gilded or painted. The most charming in design and appearance generally is one in which the wood is left almost of a natural colour, and in which the skill of the carver and admirable proportions of the whole raise it above the ordinary standard of these examples. We regret having been unable to obtain a photograph of this specimen. The next example, as regards æsthetic value, is the one, also in plain wood, first shown on our page. The adaptation here of the sun ray *motif* is very happy, and the whole is tasteful, and characteristic of its period. Although such examples as the Hercules and the Mercury—the two last illustrations—are remarkable and curious, their artistic qualities are not very great and their likeness to an ordinary clock case of their time more close than in the examples we have named. Mr. Jerningham is to be congratulated on bringing together this unique collection, as are the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company on their enterprise in so quickly and so agreeably bringing the result of the collector's harvest before the public eye. E. M.

Eighteenth Century Watch Case
In carved wood, with characteristic figures

"Hercules" Watch Stand



Mercury" Watch Stand



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Spring fashions are speedily becoming a tale that is told, direct evidence of which is found in the ready disposition to drop into tattle over details. And talking, I observe, is but the preliminary step to acquiring. But what a boon and a blessing to women who lack the possession of a maid, and whose purses, at the same time, are not too heavily laden, are the artful accessories now so generously supplied in the shape of frilled sleevelets, cravats, skilfully devised fronts, and sleeveless vests, to say nothing of high silk belts—that are almost bodices—natty leather affairs, and the loveliest evening garnitures of flowers and ribbons and laces.

Superfluous Matters

It is becoming quite a small craze, by the way, to carry a long and wholly superfluous scarf of lace or tulle, superfluous, that is to say, in every sense other than decorative detail. But it is, nowadays, almost a necessity with modern woman to have something in her dress wherewith she can pose, something that will help exhaust the slight nervous excitement from which the most philosophical among us are disposed to suffer in these strenuous days. The continued favour accorded the long jewelled chains, the fancy wherefore would have assuredly evaporated ages ago but for the happy outlet this dangling ornament affords restless fingers. Another not entirely superflous matter is the reticule, which reminds me, I stood entranced before an enchanting display of suêde bags at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgroves the other day, in that wholly irresistible corner given over to such trifles at the great house. I cannot quite remember, apart from the array of delicate colours, what it was that rendered these particular reticules so eminently desirable, but, at the back of my brain, there is registered a vow to return there at the earliest opportunity, directly in their cause, when the fates only grant—the fates, at least, who watch over my rapidly diminishing banking account—that I may be able to walk away without succumbing before distractions in the next department which is devoted to chiffon.

Chiffons at Marshall and Snelgroves

This positively overflows with temptations, and I am sure no woman can possibly imagine, without a personal visit there, the wealth of opportunities that prevail, in the shape of decorative detail. Granted only the pluck to face the limitations of an allowance, it is a procedure always wrought with deepest wisdom to essay an initial effort with new detail on any possible last year's possession. Far better, indeed, than to attempt to metamorphose an actual mode.

Then what *poseurs* we are becoming with the fashionable round feather boas and ruffles! Almost one is tempted to draw a parallel between the eloquence of the fan and the Spanish woman's mantilla. And there is no question but that the soft fluffiness of both feather and net about the face is extraordinarily becoming.

An Imperative Recognition

Net, in its every variety, has arrived, in the full determination to be recognised. Discussions, I find, are already rife in exclusive quarters over the supreme elegance of an Ascot gown of net, although opinions are quite at variance as to the relative charms of a plain, rather coarse quality, and a fine, *chiné*-patterned fancy.

Personally, I should select the former, in some one of the season's distinctive colourings, such as chestnut brown, porcelain blue, cyclamen, or biscuit, relieved by bold touches of colour. A brown net reception frock, I thought lovely, inlet with great medallions of white lace, worked round with tiny quillings of black Valenciennes, the corsage an indescribable mingling of the three, enhanced by tasteful draperies of *chiné* ribbon.

Net, as such things go, is a moderately priced fabric, so everything of success depends on treatment and design. The *chiné* qualities are indescribably cheap, and make ravishing little evening frocks, mounted over satin, veiled in a transparency of chiffon. A silk or satin that has seen its best days, or, perchance, been cleaned or dyed, may be redeemed at a very slight outlay, after this fashion. But I would fain impress the importance of that chiffon veiling; it makes all the difference in the world to the appearance of the *chiné* net.

For the rather busy little blouse, disposed to run to a superfluity of lace decorations, this *chiné* net is also admirable, and is quite ready to fight in deadly rivalry with chiffon similarly treated, and requisitioned to a like service.

Silks are Irresistible

And not only because they are so fascinating in sort, and so diversified, but also because they are of such moderate price. In fact, all the leading establishments seem disposed to play the game of cutting prices, which is a game in no way to be discouraged,

An original design for a pin-line striped taffeta in grey and black, with pale blue taffeta strappings

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

so far as our pockets are concerned. And if ever we were justified in the indulgence of silken attire, it is now. That is a quite sweet pin-line striped taffeta, sketched by Miss Pleydel Young, which I am disposed to picture in grey and black, with pale blue taffeta strappings on the lace chemisette, completed by a soft black kid belt, passed through a dull gold buckle. Verily a wealth of stitchery is introduced into the constructive measure of the pretty frock, while a mark of the moment is found in the slight draping of the skirt across the centre front.

Show of Sunshades at Shoolbreds

This is an annual affair, always eagerly looked forward to by the world of fashionable women who know, from past experience, how exceptionally large

Fuller's LTD

209, REGENT STREET,
AND
3, CONDUIT STREET.

Fuller's Chocolates.
Candies & Cakes.
Fuller's Luncheons & Teas.
High-Class Music.

Country Life says: "Those who cannot visit in person the 'Home of Sweetness,' FULLER'S American Candy Store, on the ground floor of the above premises, should write for Messrs. FULLER'S BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, from which purchases can be made by post by simply quoting the number of the particular cakes or bonbons as described in this most ornamental volume."

209, REGENT ST.

HEAL & SON'S

Reproductions of

Old-fashioned Designs in Printed Linens, Chintz, &c., for loose Covers and Curtains.

Write for No. 47 Illustrated Booklet.

195, &c., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

Slip No. 2491.

No. 2491.—Pretty Slip of good Jap Silk, Ivory and Colours, trimmed fine Lace and Insertions, with handsome Motifs of Guipure, back and front.

17/9

THE NEW
"T.H."
CORSET.

Specially designed for the present fashion of dress.
The very best quality Whalebone.

In Fine Coutil,

21/9

Best Black Zanena,

23/9

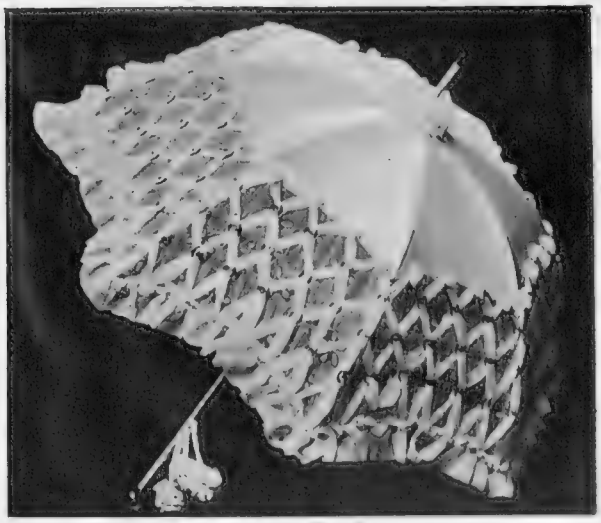
The New "T.H." Corset.

Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.

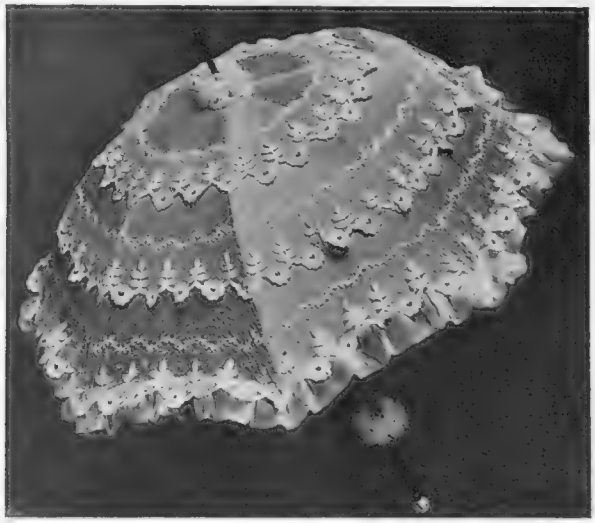
and choice is the selection of pretty, practical *en tout cas* and dainty, dressy parasols at Tottenham House. Where other establishments supply one of a fancy, Messrs. Shoolbred supply a dozen. Thus, no matter what our gown, hat, or general colour scheme for the season may run to, it is sure to find its ideal complementary sunshade at Shoolbreds.

And reviewing the present display, everyone will be struck, as am I, by the extraordinarily moderate prices. Seven shillings and sixpence for a really smart *en tout cas* is absurdly cheap, an exclusive design, moreover, with a broad fancy stripe border, to be had in black and white and a long range of colours.

The leading decorative treatment, for the moment, is lattice-work chiffon, which is applied impartially inside and out with the better-class parasols. One of our illustrated models displays the charming effect of an exterior application, white chiffon, in this case, being latticed-worked through black satin rings, on a ground of rich white moiré antique.



A sunshade at Messrs. Shoolbreds
The decorative treatment is of white chiffon, lattice-worked through black satin rings, on a ground of rich white moiré antique



A sunshade of point d'esprit, frilled with appliqué lace, as sold at Messrs. Shoolbreds

Quite the prettiest covers are those of *point d'esprit* frilled with *appliqué* lace, which may be had in biscuit or white mounted over any coloured silk foundation, after the style of the illustration. Then the embroideries on some of the plain taffetas are quite beautiful, artistically designed, and most artistically executed, each one exclusively thought out under the personal supervision of the energetic head of this department, whose enterprise and judgment will be fitly rewarded by the flock of visitors who will make it their business to invade Tottenham House on the 29th inst., when this leading sunshade show of the season commences.

A Luncheon Menu

Plovers' Eggs
Sole à la Sauce Piquante
Lamb Cutlets, with Lamb Sweetbreads and Potatoes à la Hollandaise
Asparagus
Indian Trifle
Cheese Coffee

PLOVERS' EGGS

These should be placed on a mould of salt and dry toast handed with them.

SOLE À LA SAUCE PIQUANTE

After having filleted the sole, place the fillets in a buttered, fireproof dish, cover it with sauce piquante, cook in the oven and serve. For the sauce: Put in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar, let boil on a brisk fire until reduced to a little less than half, add half a pint of water and one tablespoonful of Driesseu's Dark Foundation, stir on a gentle fire, and, as it comes to the boil, the sauce is ready.

N.B.—I must say a word in praise of the Foundation Sauces invented by Monsieur Charles Driesseus and to be obtained of Cosenza and Co., 95, Wigmore Street. There are two sorts, dark and pale, and both are quite inexpensive. I strongly advise my readers to send for a bottle, after which I think I may venture to say they will never want to be without it.

POTATOES À LA HOLLANDAISE

For this dish, take 1½ lb. of new potatoes of even size, scrape them and place them in salted water containing the juice of half a lemon. Cook them carefully in fast boiling water till nearly tender, then pour off the water and drain them in a sieve or a cloth. Melt 1 oz. of butter, put in the cooked potatoes, and shake them over the fire for a few minutes; then add half a gill of béchamel sauce and boil up, cook for ten minutes longer, stirring gently so as not to break the potatoes. Mix the yolks of two eggs with a little milk or cream; stir, and pour over the potatoes, add a little lemon juice, and serve.

LAMB CUTLETS, WITH LAMB SWEETBREADS

Fry the cutlets in butter, drain and glaze them, and serve them standing on a circle of mashed potatoes. Steep some small sweetbreads in cold water, bleach, drain, and cut them into scallops, and mix them in some good sauce, and fill the inside of the potato border with the sweetbreads.

INDIAN TRIFLE

Boil one tablespoonful of ground rice in half a pint of milk, stir well, so that there are no lumps, add sugar to taste, a few drops of lemon juice, also the beaten yolk of an egg. When the rice is cooled a little, after thoroughly cooking, put it in a glass dish. Slice six bananas upon this, cover with boiled custard, sweetened and flavoured with a little vanilla, and ornament with whipped cream coloured pink with a few drops of cochineal. EMILIA.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE CARLTON

Afternoon Tea in the magnificent Palm Court

The Restaurant

A Woman's Note Book

A Plea for Peace

I was reflecting the other day upon the pleasantness of a state of existence in which there were more small peacefulnesses than small wranglings, this solemn consideration being drawn forth because I sat surrounded by newspapers and periodicals, every one of which was complaining of something, great or small, from the shape of the latest hat to the state of our national conscience or individual souls. Of course, women were treated pretty severely by these discordant voices; for when men get cross, they always turn upon our unoffending selves, beginning with the cook and ending off more grandiosely after dinner, when that important personage has ceased to offend, with Woman in the abstract and a capital letter. "How distressing are these jarring words!" I was inclined to exclaim. "How beautiful the dream of a Utopian kingdom, whose dominant feature should be agreement!" Then, in a contemporary, I read the following: "There are some people who, through slackness, indifference, or sheer terror of their fellows, go through life suffering many wrongs without protest. They dislike 'fuss,' or they are too careless or happy-go-lucky to assert themselves. Hence they come off badly everywhere. These are the men who always get the uncooked chops, and the tough cuts off the joint." I arose in my wrath. Was not the writer exaggerating? Why, this happy disposition was the very one I craved—in my fellow-men. I would combat the statement; and my plans of peace fell to the ground like a pack of cards. For those men who get the uncooked chops *are* nice—and such a help to the housekeeper. Not, of course, when they do it for silly reasons, such as "terror," or nonchalance about life in general; but when, as is far more often the case, their tolerance proceeds from good-nature, real indifference about things—like chops—that don't matter much, or a sympathetic understanding that the mistress of the house also has her worries, and that cooks are not angels but rare human beings of independent disposition.

Man Peaceful over Details

Of course (putting aside the important question of dining), men are much more peaceful over the details of everyday existence than women. The average woman considers it part of her duty, as a good housewife, to make a fuss; but she is mistaken. There is only one way of attainment in small affairs: make up your mind decisively what you want and see that you get it as nearly as possible. After that, leave off worrying, and never refer to the subject again. An orderly, peaceable household is a woman's great success in life—or one of them—and it is strange that it is a state so rarely accomplished. People—and especially women—forget that a large part of the small peacefulnesses in life depend upon a sense of humour—this is particularly the case with young women just starting housekeeping; they take their little failures and disappointments to heart, forgetful that such a state of mind is far more distressing than the laughable results of their inexperience. It is a great thing to see—and since it is a fact, why *not* see—that our own trivial discomfitures on the road of life are quite as funny as those of our next door neighbour. LADY PHYLLIS.

Picturesque London: Feeding pigeons outside the British Museum

PIPE CARS

NEW 1905 MODELS.

With long chassis, side entrance.
New pattern valves.
Every latest improvement.
Now ready. Immediate delivery.

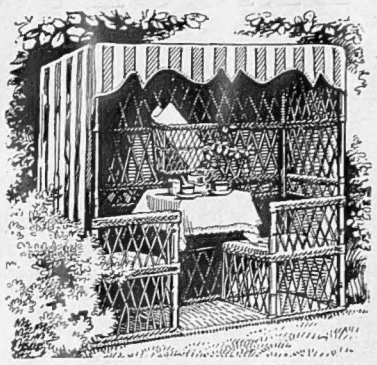
Trials by appointment.

The London Motor Garage Co., Ltd.,
33-37, Wardour St., London, W.
Telephone: 2037 GERRARD. Telegrams: "AUTOMOTEUR," LONDON.

GARDEN SHELTERS
(Patent)

For Illustrated Price List, Post Free, apply A Department.

GOODS CARRIAGE PAID.



HEELAS, LTD. READING.

MERCÉDÈS

18-28, 28-32, 40-45.

LATEST MODELS.

CARS FOR HIRE BY DAY, WEEK, OR MONTH.

SPARE PARTS IN STOCK.

ALL REPAIRS EXECUTED.

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association,

34, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON."
Telephone: 10714 CENTRAL.

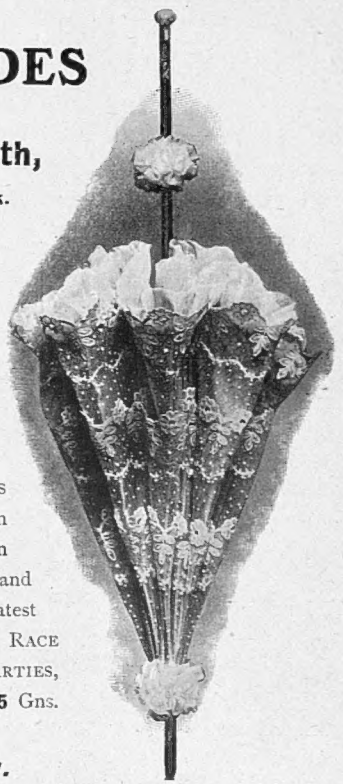
JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

SPECIAL EXHIBITION
OF
SUNSHADES

Commencing
MONDAY, MAY 29th,
and during the week.

As illustration, in White, Biscuit and all Light Colours,

21/-



SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made for an EXTENSIVE DISPLAY in the LARGE WINDOWS and SHOWROOMS of the latest productions suitable for RACE MEETINGS, GARDEN PARTIES, &c. Prices from **7/11** to **5** Gns.

A Visit Solicited.

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

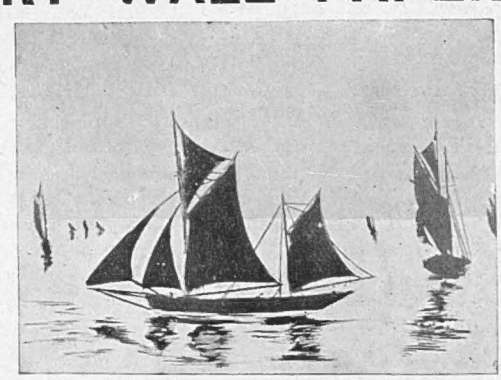
THE TYPEWRITER FOR BEAUTIFUL WORK.

YŌST

SWIFT, QUIET, AND CONVENIENT.
MADE OF BEST MATERIALS ONLY.

THE YŌST TYPEWRITER CO. LTD., 50, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ART WALL PAPERS



CHAS. KNOWLES & CO., Ltd., 164, KING'S ROAD
CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W. THE LARGEST SHOWROOMS IN LONDON.

BRIDGE: Our Weekly Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION, WITH WEEKLY COMPETITION RUNNING CONCURRENTLY.

Prizes

Weekly Competition—First Prize Each Week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" BRIDGE CASE, value £1 1s.

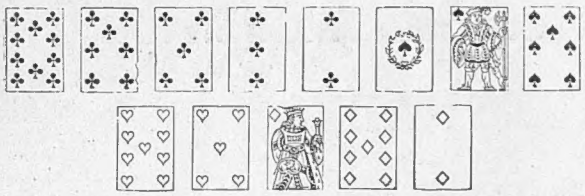
QUARTERLY COMPETITION—£10 10s. IN CASH to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Ninth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

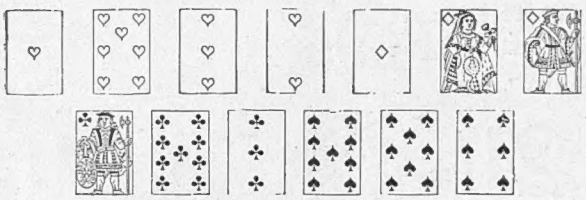
PROBLEM XXV.

Game All: 24-all.

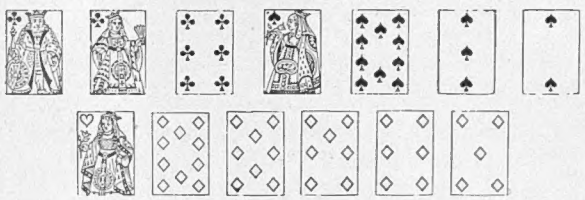


PROBLEM XXVI.

Game All: 26-all.



PROBLEM XXVII.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXV., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the ninth week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, May 29, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

SEVENTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XIX.-XXI.

This week nine competitors obtained full marks, and, excluding those who have already obtained prizes, we have selected from the others the three sets of solutions best entitled to the prizes.

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Miss Isabel Darling, 59, Dunnikies Road, Kirkcaldy, N.B.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

R. D. Thomas, Esq., The Chantrey, Aylesbury.
E. A. Gregory, Esq., 10, Delamere Road, Wimbledon S.W.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—Seventh week. Marks for Problems XIX.-XXI.:

15, Ap Twm, Argent, Bulbs, Captain Cuttle, Kirkland II., Puffin-Boy, Raniput, Sackbut, Viking; 14, Cave Canem, Fantôme, Fen, Not 'Arf, Oltonia, Strategy, Swansfield, Tylhus, Waverley; 13, Bijou, Blue; 12, Arrow, Blockhead, Bridge of Sighs, Dogger, Eblow, Norland, Primrose; 11, East Devon Golf Club, Scrutator; 10, Brown Cat, Darkie, Frimley, Inga, Kirkland I., Lazarus, Miles, Noxious, P.M.S., Sedgemoor, Simplicity, Star, Toil, Wantacas, Watadam, Willimoteswick; 9, Albeg, Arms, Bis dat qui cito dat, Calcutta, Edgbaston, Hockey, Horatio, Ina II., Joker, Mad, Mucross, Pool, Purley, Quotidian, Simplex, White Cat, Yquern; 8, Awapuni, C. A. M., Chippies, Crocks, Diana, Jan, Pons; 7, Alexander; 6, Peter; 5, Cumtux, Ernst, Lance Fieldoak, Luppy, Mendip Lodge, Moth, Pelaw, Pellon, Scrap-heap, Special Scotch, Woodbridge; 4, Gamndin, Ina I., Moppy, Porker, Trixie; 3, Badger, Chlorodyne, Electricity, L.S.D., Lucia, Tic-Tac, Zif II.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XIX., XX., XXI.

PROBLEM XIX.—Declare diamonds. It is a fair diamond call, seeing that your partner must have something in his hand to leave it to you; and, from the point of view of combining the hands, his cards, whether they be red or black, can be utilised, so that diamonds give you the best chance of scoring, and are at the same time the best defence.

PROBLEM XX.—Declare hearts. It is, indeed, a desperate case, and no hand for half measures, as a club declaration would be. It is no use declaring spades, even if they were not doubled, and you got the odd in them, your opponents are twenty-four and deal. With a heart declaration, the ruff in diamonds should make it a four-trick hand. It is entirely a question of what your partner holds.

PROBLEM XXI.—Declare no-trumps. Being two kings above the average hand, it is a no-trump declaration at any point in the score under twenty-six, when you might consider the possibility of making two tricks in spades. The cards are really very nicely distributed, and afford an excellent chance of at least the odd trick.

We have allotted the following *noms-de-guerre*: — To A. W. D., "Sedgemoor"; Miss D., "Edgbaston"; A. L. T., "Woodbridge"; C. H., "Frimley."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Special Scotch. 2nd solution, 8. We cannot publish list at sixth competition. – Fen. 10.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST

Regent Street & Cheapside, London; and Liverpool.

Manufacturers to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

"Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Journal.*

Children's -	1/3 per doz.
Ladies' - -	2/3 ,,
Gentlemen's -	3/3 ,,
HEMSTITCHED.	
Ladies' - -	2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's -	3/11 ,,

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame." *The Queen.*

Damask Table and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, & Ladies' Underclothing at Makers' Prices.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

A HOLE IN THE GROUND

OWNED BY A LIAR.

This is how the word "MINE" is defined in that *chic* little brochure,

"THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY"

Here are a few specimen definitions:

ALCOHOL: A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.

BIRTHDAY: Anniversary of one's birth observed only by men and children.

MANNERS: A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.

"Breezy and frivolous," says THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Order from your bookseller or bookstall, **3s. 6d.** net.

London: DEAN & SON, Ld., 160a, Fleet St., E.C.

SOFT, DELICATE SKIN

A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms, of matchless whiteness are insured to those ladies who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

The most **SOOTHING, CURATIVE, HEALING,** and Refreshing Preparation for the Face, Hands, and Arms. Removes Redness and Roughness, Soothes and Heals Irritation and all Cutaneous Eruptions. Sizes **2/3** and **4/6**

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes, and Restores more effectually than any other preparation. Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair. Ladies and children should use no other preparation for the hair. 120 years proves its value. Sizes **3/6, 7/-, 10/6**

ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

80 years' trial proves it to be the best dentifrice for Preserving and Beautifying them and keeping them SOUND and WHITE to old age. **2/9.** Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Motorists

STUDY YOUR CONVENIENCE!!!

Motor Oils and Lubricants

Viz:

"CYCLOPS" (thick) for gear-wheels
"CASTORINE" A. for air-cooled engines
"CASTORINE" W. for water-cooled engines
"FONDROLINE" for drip-feed Lubricators and various parts of car

Sold in 5-gallon drums, with convenient screw bung and tap, funnel, and substantial understand.

Also two 1-gallon and two 1-quart cans (empty), with special lip, nozzle, and air-vent.

Complete Set, 22/6

As per Illustration.

Sold also in **1**-gallon and **1**-quart canisters, **4/6** and **1/6** each, or in

Customers' own Drums at 3s. 6d. per Gallon

Cyclops (Solidified for road wheels) in tins, 9d. each

LIVETT FRANK & SON

22, Borough High Street, London Bridge.

WORKS:—270, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, S.E.

Shipping Stores:—Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, E.; 2, Oriental Place, Southampton.

OBESITY

and its many discomforts can now be removed without starvation or drugs.

KALARI BISCUITS

reduce superfluous fat steadily and permanently, if taken for a few weeks instead of ordinary bread. They are palatable, and guaranteed to be free from starch, sugar, and drugs.

KALARI BISCUITS

Free sample and booklet on application to

CALLARD and Co., Food Specialists to the late Queen Victoria,

76, Regent Street, London, W.

Mudie's Library

Established 1842.

Subscriptions Opened at any Date,

For Three, Six, and Twelve Months.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS

are available on all Subscriptions.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS, **21s.** YEARLY.

Terms for Country, Suburbs, and Parcel Post sent post free on application.

Surplus Books and New Remainders offered at Greatly Reduced Prices.

The MAY LIST, now Ready, contains Popular Works on Sport, Travel, Biography, and Fiction. Sent post free on application.

Books Shipped to all parts of the World.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON;

241, Brompton Road, S.W., and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Excellent Garden Periodical

The sole topic on these fine mornings, in trains coming up to the City, is the garden. Smith has already pulled rhubarb and cut cress, while the enthusiasms of Jones spend themselves on the culture of roses. There never was a time when horticulture was so popular as now, or when people were more interested in the country and country pursuits. For many years the garden has had a literature of its own outside of the columns devoted to it in the dailies, but a new paper such as the *Garden Home*, which has been forwarded to us, deserves a hearty welcome. It deals, in a manner which every amateur will appreciate, with matters relating to "the garden and its surroundings, with practical notes on bees, poultry, home pets, and matters of interest in the home. It contains a short story. The illustrations and sketches, which illustrate the articles, are from the pen of Mr. Thos. Downey, an artist whose work is very familiar to BYSTANDER readers. The *Garden Home* is issued every week, and its price is one penny.

Our Coloured Supplement

This week we present as a Coloured Supplement another of the Romney Portraits from the well-known Bassano Studios. The fair subject of this Supplement is Miss Isabel Jay, who should need no introduction to our readers. So it will suffice to say that Miss Jay is the winsome prima donna in *Veronique*, which has had such a long and prosperous run at the Apollo Theatre. Miss Jay is an old Savoyard, and is married to Mr. H. S. Cavendish, who has won renown as a traveller and explorer.

The "Luntin" Mixture

Why Luntin? To get at the meaning of the word one must turn up Burns' poem of "The Twa Dogs," and read something of the conversation between the Newfoundland, who "was keepet for his honor's pleasure," and the ploughman's collie—"a rhyming, ranting, raving billie, wha for his friend an' comrade had him." The Newfoundland begins in a nasty, patronising kind of way by wondering "what sort o' life poor dogs like you have"; and the aristocratic dog goes on to suggest that "surely poor-folk maun be wretches!" To this the honest collie replies: "They're no sae wretched's ane would think"; and goes on to describe the joys of the poor man's home, not forgetting that great day of the year to all Scotsmen—high and low—New Year's Day. Says the collie:—

> ...at merry ...y the year begins,
> They bar the door on frosty win's;
> The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
> An' sheds a heart-inspiring stream;
> The LUNTIN pipe, an' sneeshin' mill,
> Are handed round wi' right guid will;
> The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
> The young anes rantin' thro' the house—
> My heart has been sae fain to see them,
> That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

One often hears a man say, after he has tried a new mixture, "Oh, it's all Latakia." In all probability the man is quite right. The man who does not know anything about tobacco usually "swamps" it with Latakia. No man wants his smoke to be all Latakia, but this tobacco has such a marked flavour, that in buying an ordinary mixture, so called, you will probably get a little Virginia tobacco and a little Latakia—and nothing else. If you take a pinch of the "Luntin Mixture" and spread it out on a piece of paper, you will not fail to notice that it is made up of many different kinds of tobacco. To smoke the "Luntin" once is to smoke it always. It gives a satisfying kind of smoke, and yet its flavour is delicate. If you would know more about the "Luntin Mixture," write for a booklet to the manufacturers, Messrs. Thomson and Porteous, 105, 107, 109, Leith Street, Edinburgh. The "Luntin Mixture" is made up in three strengths, mild, medium, and full, and is sold at 6*d*., 1*s*. and 2*s*., respectively, for 1 oz. packets, 2 oz. packets, and ¼ lb. tins.

Tangley Mere, Chilworth

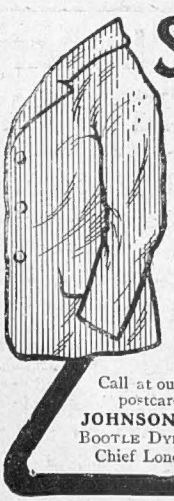
To anyone seeking a small residential property in the lovely country between Boxhill and Guildford, the announcement of the forthcoming auction of the above should be especially interesting. One of the pleasing features of the place is the fine ornamental lake of over six acres, which affords capital fishing and boating. Altogether, the property has an area of over twenty-one acres. Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Cockspur Street, London, are the auctioneers entrusted with the sale, and they will also sell the artistic modern furniture, etc., on May 25, which includes a fine-toned pianoforte by Bechstein, in specially designed case of Louis XV. style, a full-sized billiard table, by Burroughes and Watts, an antique enclosed writing cabinet, a Sheraton sideboard, some finely executed oil paintings and water-colours, bracket and grandfather clocks.

English Opera at the Lyceum

This week, English opera by English artistes is being given at the Lyceum for the first time under the present management. A selection from *The Bohemian Girl*—the opening work of the series—will be sung by Miss Una Brookshaw (soprano), Miss Nancy Rossiter (contralto), Mr. Edward Davies (tenor), Mr. Henry Butcher (bass). Thanks to the perfect system of ventilation with which the Lyceum has been equipped, visitors to that theatre will, throughout the summer, experience the delight of an atmosphere of refreshing coolness. In addition to a removable roof, there has been installed a ventilating plant which, by an ingenious process, at once cools and purifies the air admitted to the auditorium, thus ensuring for visitors a perfectly wholesome atmosphere at an equable temperature.

Ladies' and Children's Hair

Of all the preparations now in use, there is nothing which equals Rowlands' Macassar Oil for preserving, beautifying, and nourishing ladies' and children's hair, making it soft and bright, and keeping it in curl. It closely resembles the natural oil in the skin, so necessary for nourishing the hair, and without which the hair becomes dry, thin, and brittle. Nothing produces such a dressy appearance of the hair, stimulates its growth so much, or prevents its falling off so effectually, as Rowlands' Macassar Oil. If you have never used it, you are strongly advised to procure a bottle immediately, and always use Rowlands' Macassar Oil for your own and your children's hair; it is a sure preventive of baldness, and is also sold in a Golden Colour, which is specially recommended for fair, golden, or grey hair, as it contains the same nourishing properties as the red, but does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Sizes, 3*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*., 10*s*. 6*d*. (equal to four small). Sold by Stores and Chemists. Ask for Rowlands' Macassar Oil and avoid spurious imitations.



SEND IT ALONG

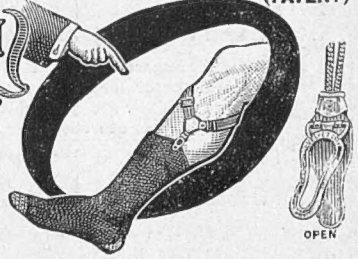
If it needs Cleaning or Dyeing—that is, if you want it done well and at a very moderate cost, no matter what article of dress it may be, JOHNSON BROTHERS will clean or dye it without shrinkage, and without any injury whatever to the "feel" and stiffening of the fabric.

Gentlemen's Suits Cleaned and Tailor-Pressed, 4s. 6d.
Trousers Ditto 1s. per pair.

Small Repairs undertaken at moderate charges.
Ladies' Dresses, Blouses, &c. also cleaned to perfection.

Call at our Branch Office in your town, or send postcard direct for our new Price List to—
JOHNSON BROTHERS (Dyers), **Ltd.** (Dept. Y)
BOOTLE DYE WORKS, LIVERPOOL. 200 Branches.
Chief London Office: 96, Wigmore Street, W.

"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT)
BOSTON GARTER



Will not tear or damage the Socks.
In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.
Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
Cotton (check) 1s. pair.
Silk (plain) 2s. pair.
By Post 1d. extra

OPEN

L. & R. WOODERSON
"The Acme of Comfort."
"The Height of Perfection."
(Under the Tree), **122/4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.**